LOOKING FORWARD

▶▶ ALREADY the flood of questions has begun about "The Dry Decade," Charles Merz's serial history of prohibition which starts in our October 1 issue. In the main these questions take one form: Is this serial genuinely a history, the kind, let us say, that would make intensely interesting reading years from now? Or is it merely a wet propaganda document, intended to prove the case for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment? Or is it neither of these, but just something ironical, bitter and funny about the "noble experiment"?

▶▶ THE answer is that "The Dry Decade" is genuinely a history. Such Mr. Merz intended it to be when he first conceived the idea of writing it (without any thought of the Outlook and Independent) and a genuine history it has turned out to be. We venture the prediction that a year from now no public library will be without it.

▶▶ ONE of the curious freaks about prohibition so far has been that despite the overwhelming interest of the public as evidenced by the universal discussion of the subject, all books about it have come pretty close to being flat failures from a publishing point of view. It was a perception of the reason for this fact—almost without exception such books have been written to prove something and so are biased or superficial—together with a realization of the difficulty experienced by intelligent editors and newspapermen everywhere in finding clear, complete records of the whole experiment, which led Mr. Merz to the conclusion first, that such a history needed to be written, and second, that in his own enormous card index of newspaper clippings covering the last ten years lay the foundation for such a book. "The Dry Decade" is the result.

▶▶ IN OUR opinion it is an exciting achievement. Properly written, history makes the most fascinating reading of all. It is not in the same world with propaganda. Once you have begun "The Dry Decade" in the October 1 issue we would like your opinion.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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The Outlook and Independent is indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.

THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT, September 17, 1930. Volume 156, Number 3. Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Pres. Francis Rufus Bellamy; Vice-Pres. Marshall Kernochan. Harrison B. Freeman; Treas. Rodman Gilder; Sec'y, William T. Adee. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union $6.56. Entered as second-class matter July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and July 20, 1928, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by the Outlook Company.

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Ewing Galloway

Lower Manhattan through the cables of Brooklyn Bridge

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

September 17, 1930

Unhappy Warrior

A Portrait of George W. Wickersham

By ROBERT CRUISE MCMANUS

As Chairman of President Hoover's Law Enforcement Commission, George W. Wickersham occupies one of the most difficult positions in American politics. He has been accused of vacillating, of straddling, of "weaving in and out among the facts." Mr. Wickersham's record, on the contrary, shows that he is a man of convictions for which, in the past, he has been perfectly willing to fight. That he should have accepted the evasive role which he is now playing remains a mystery

IN A speech at Rochester in April, 1914, former Attorney General George Woodward Wickersham criticized President Wilson's program for investigating the trusts with the declaration that "the amount of information elicited by investigating committees would fill libraries, but the number of constructive suggestions of sane legislation measurably adapted to reach the evils ascertained could be printed in one small volume."

Twelve years later he said our Government was top-heavy because it was saddled with too many commissions, and in March, 1928, when President Hoover announced that he would appoint a body to examine prohibition abuses and the whole structure of Federal jurisprudence, Mr. Wickersham is reported to have remarked to a friend:

"I pity the man Hoover picks to head that committee."

It is ironic to discover that Mr. Wickersham himself is that man. He is a lawyer of international reputation and unimpeachable integrity. He had been an active supporter of the then Secretary of Commerce long before the Republican National Convention which nominated the latter for the Presidency. And though he knew that the chair he now occupies was full of tacks, he bravely sat upon it and has remained there ever since, squirming like the devil, it is true, but still pluckily sitting.

The history of the Law Enforcement Commission idea began, as is well known, in the 1928 campaign, when Candidate Hoover reasserted his belief in the Eighteenth Amendment as a noble experiment which must be worked out constructively, but added:

"Common sense compels us to realize that grave abuses have occurred—abuses which must be remedied. An organized, searching investigation of fact and cause can alone determine the wise method of correcting them."

Led by the New York *Herald-Tribune,* wet Republicans who were athirst for something to justify their backing of a dry, swallowed these few drops of comfort and pronounced themselves satisfied. The great engineer, they said, the dealer in facts and figures, was the fellow to settle the whole business—any searching investigation was bound to show that prohibition could not be enforced. But the dries thought otherwise. They welcomed the Californian as their first real Presidential standard-bearer and sent him in a landslide to the White House, where he confided to more than one the belief that his victory was evidence of the country's overwhelming prohibitionist sentiment.

So, in his inaugural address, the new President widened the powers of the proposed commission. Besides investigating "the methods of enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment and the causes of abuses under it," it was to look into "the whole structure of our federal system of jurisprudence" and make "such recommendations for the reorganization of the *administration* of federal laws and court procedure as may be found desirable." In a speech to the Associated Press a month later prohibition became "but one segment of the problem" and when he charged the newly-fledged commissioners with their duties, Mr. Hoover exhorted them to reach "constructive, courageous conclusions," while omitting any mention of prohibition by name at all.

With such an introduction the law body began to function under an inevitable cloud, in spite of the distinction of its membership. It was idle to remind the public of the well-recognized need for an overhauling of our criminal law. Statesmen, editors and laymen alike could see in this widening of the subject only an attempt to submerge prohibition, and sincere adherents to either side of the liquor controversy have complained ever since that they are being sold once more by a politician's evasive handling of the question uppermost in every mind. When Mr. Wickersham himself seemed to avoid the subject in newspaper interviews, when the commission put prohibition fifth on the list of eleven subjects it was considering and when open hearings were barred, the sneers grew even more audible.

Suddenly a tack who up to the moment had not even been thought present began to prick the chairman exceedingly. It was the Honorable Franklin

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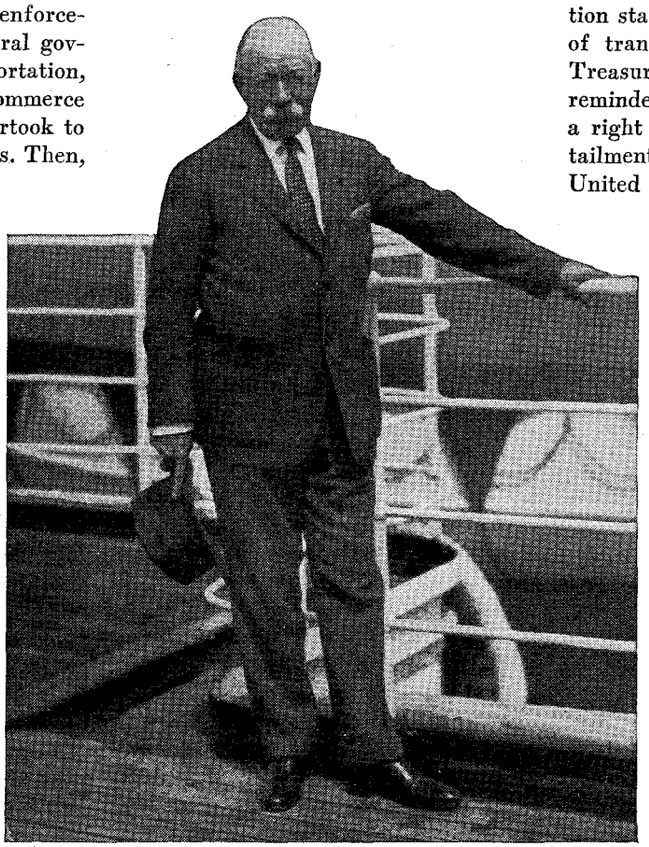
Delano Roosevelt, Democratic governor of New York and an aspirant, heart and soul, for his party's Presidential nomination in 1932. The annual convention of state governors was about to take place at New London, Connecticut, and Governor Roosevelt wrote to Mr. Wickersham asking, at least in the latter's view, for ideas on the liquor problem which he might incorporate in his speech. In his own hand, on the stationery of a Bar Harbor hotel, the chairman replied with the suggestion that the conference might consider approaching the federal government on some proposal to share the burden of enforcement. He thought that the federal government might prevent importation, manufacture and interstate commerce in liquor, while the states undertook to wipe out saloons and speakeasies. Then, said he, *"National and state laws might be so modified as to become reasonably enforceable* and one great source of demoralizing and pecuniarily profitable crime would be removed. I hope that what I have written," concluded the chairman, "may suggest to you something of value in the preparation of your address."

What it suggested to Governor Roosevelt was that the letter was an address in itself, for he read it in full to his colleagues and the press and then stuffed it into his pocket without comment when the obviously inevitable fight began. In the Senate, Borah and Caraway demanded Wickersham's resignation for committing himself to one side of the question at the very outset of his investigation. From his front seat on the sidelines Bishop Cannon cried out at the chairman's "defeatism." The White House began dropping hints that the letter was intended to be confidential and Mr. Wickersham himself maintained a gentlemanly silence. After a while, in the heat of the Washington summer, the quarrel died down and he was left among his tacks, which had become temporarily painless.

In December they began to prick again. By this time the tumbling stock market had knocked business on the head, the Administration was losing prestige at a high rate of speed and the senators, in session almost continually since March, were in an ugly mood. The prohibition fight that boiled all last winter began to simmer. Statesmen started calling for a report from the commission, which had been functioning for nearly eight months without an open hearing or any account of its stewardship. Dry Democrats raised the cry of "star chamber proceedings" and when Judge Paul J. McCormick, one of the board's eleven members, told reporters in Los Angeles that prohibition and governmental lawlessness were its chief problems, there were immediate demands for his head. The irascible



Acme

GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM

Senator Glass recited how one of the commissioners had recently asked him for a copy of the resolution under which the body had been created so long before, and Jones of Washington, a solid Administration man whose pious views on the righteousness of the amendment were recently changed by six votes in a Republican state convention, unwittingly revealed that when he called at the commission's offices a day or two after Christmas there had been no one but clerks to receive him.

Throwing aside a golden opportunity to tell the politicians to go to hell, as the harassed but undismayed Alexander Legge of Mr. Hoover's Farm Board has so often and valiantly done, Mr. Wickersham let the wheel be wrested from his hands. Hustled from Capitol Hill, hustled perhaps from the White House and even from within his own group, the chairman permitted a hastily thrown-together report to be issued which was immediately lambasted up and down the land, in spite of the fact that its chief author was Dean Roscoe Pound of the Harvard Law School, one of the world's leading authorities on law. It suggested some clarifying and administrative changes in the prohibition statutes, including the old chestnut of transferring enforcement from the Treasury to the Department of Justice; reminded us of "the Whig tradition of a right to revolt" and proposed a curtailment of trial by jury whereby United States commissioners might hear the evidence in minor prohibition cases and report to a judge who was to give his verdict without ever having seen the accused. In the welter of protest which has arisen against this "juryless trial" —no new thing in cases of slight offense — the really valid objection to the commission's proposal has often been overlooked—namely, that after the accused is found guilty of a misdemeanor and made liable to a $500 fine or six months in jail he may ask for a jury trial, whereupon the district attorney is empowered to proceed against him as a felon on exactly the same set of facts and threaten him with five years imprisonment if found guilty.

Acidly inferring that the commission had allowed itself to be hastened by political expediency, Howard Lee McBain, professor of constitutional law at Columbia University, fell on the report in the New York *World* as "one of the most extraordinary public documents that has ever emanated from a non-partisan agency of inquiry." The declaration that "as things are now, the cumbersome process of indictment must be resorted to even in the most petty cases" was challenged as disclosing "a perfectly amazing ignorance of, or indifference to, both the law and the actual practice of district attorneys under the law." In regard to the juryless trial he inquired how the same offense could

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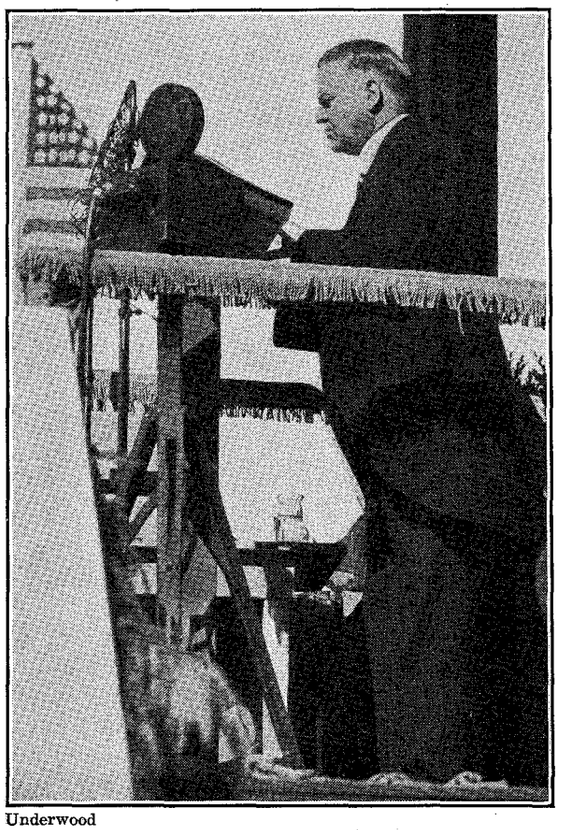
be a misdemeanor before conviction and a felony after, called it an attempt to write the questionable practice of bargaining between prosecutor and prisoner "brazenly into law," and concluded savagely that "the commission has at least put the public on guard with respect to the quality of its scientific inquiry."

IF THERE ever was a time when dignified silence was golden, it was at this precise moment, but the exasperated chairman bungled again, indulged an old weakness and fired off a reply to the *World* in the next mail. Catching McBain in a minor error he dwelt on this at some length, scolded him for a paragraph or two and closed by stating that he would "not attempt to deal with other provisions of the article" because "the points above are sufficient to characterize it." He had ignored altogether the Columbia professor's objection to the misdemeanor-felony scheme, which was the very heart of his criticism. With the Wickersham letter, the *World* printed an answer from McBain besides republishing his original article, which put the Law Enforcement Commission's head in the light of a batter who is trying to save his face by arguing with the umpire after striking out.

Within a few weeks Robert F. Wagner, a Democrat, rose in the Senate to continue the assault. Running over Mr. Hoover's diminution of the prohibition theme since election, he declared: "It is not unfair to test the proposals recommended [by the commission] in the light of the hopes which the President aroused when, back in 1928, as a candidate and not as a president, he promised the American people an organized and searching investigation of the grave abuses of prohibition.

"What abuses did the American people have in mind when they heard Mr. Hoover use that word? Did they have in mind a little crowding in the court rooms? Did they have in mind that the prohibition agents had trouble in finding the laws relative to prohibition? Did they have in mind a little lost motion between the Treasury and the Department of Justice? No, Mr. President . . . We thought of the killing and maiming of our citizens by armed enforcement officers which in many instances can only be described as deliberate bloodshed. We thought of the violation by the Government of the constitutional guaranties against unlawful search and seizure and the violation of the sanctity and privacy of the homes of our citizens. We had in mind what Mr. Justice Holmes called 'the dirty business of wire-tapping.' . . . We were concerned with the obvious failure of this law to find a place in the popular conscience.

"The grave abuses which the commission has discovered are that there is some lost motion in having cases prepared by one department and prosecuted by another; that it is difficult for a prohibition agent to look up a legal point quickly . . . and that there is congestion in the courts."



Underwood

HOOVER ACCEPTING THE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION

The Law Enforcement Commission idea began in the 1928 campaign

He went on to the misdemeanor-felony measure. "The purpose of putting this power in the hands of the district attorney is very transparent. Its purpose is to club the accused into acquiescence in the denial of the right of trial by jury. But what a lovely transaction this is for the United States! After all, economy and efficiency in sending people to jail are not the only objectives of democratic government."

So the eleven experts saw enforcement transferred to the Department of Justice, saw one or two other of their minor proposals adopted and saw the "juryless trial" scheme pass the solidly Republican House in modified form and disappear into a Senate committee room from which it will never emerge without the most violent oratorical manhandling. Unmolested for several months, the commission got another jolt in June, when Congress indicated extreme disrespect by failing to appropriate money for the continuation of its labors. For a few hours it was legally extinct, but at last the difficulty was patched up, $250,000 was acquired and the experts went back to work with the promise of another report by the December session in which, we are led to believe, the entire subject of prohibition will be boldly discussed. A few weeks more of welcome obscurity and then Max Lowenthal, the commission's secretary and a loyal friend of the chairman, resigned with the gossips hinting darkly that he had quit in disgust. Lowenthal, a young man whose brilliance won him wealth enough to retire after only fifteen years of law practice, held his tongue, but it is well known that he went to Washington a year ago fired with enthusiasm at the opportunity of engaging in what he regarded as a monumental public service.

On his record, George W. Wickersham, president at one time or another of the American Law Institute, the American Society of International Law and the National Probation Association, United States representative on the League of Nations committee for the codification of international law and leader in the movement to simplify our criminal procedure, would seem the logical person for the President to turn to if he truly wanted a solution of the vexing liquor problem. Why, then, does the chairman's job appear to be getting the better of him?

People speak of his age—he is seventy-two—and shake their heads knowingly, but he looks like a man of fifty-five, there is plenty of spring left in that curious, pouncelike walk of his, and he still raises an appetite for breakfast on many an early morning by a gallop

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through Rock Creek Park. This seems too simple an explanation.

Samuel George Woodward Wickersham (he has dropped the Samuel long since) was born in Pittsburgh in 1848. Both his father, a Union colonel in the Civil War, and mother died while he was still a boy, and his youth was spent in the Philadelphia home of his grandfather, who was the first president of the Board of Brokers, which later became the Philadelphia Stock Exchange. It was a musical, artistic and literary center and young George learned early to cultivate his tastes. At seventeen he had read all of Herbert Spencer's *First Principles*. Today he is a patron of symphony and the opera, a collector of engravings and mezzotints, and a linguist who reads his Dante in the original.

His earlier inclinations seem to have been mechanical, for he became an expert amateur telegrapher and studied civil engineering at Lehigh University for two years, but turned from this to law at the University of Pennsylvania, from which he was graduated in 1880. After a few months practice in Philadelphia he went to New York, where he eventually secured a position with the firm of Strong & Cadwallader, becoming a partner in 1888. Throughout the years his legal ability has been plentifully demonstrated. Before his term in the Cabinet he had made himself well known as counsel for August Belmont and the Interboro Rapid Transit Company of New York, as one of the reorganizers of the Chicago traction lines and as a member of the committee which merged the Mexican Central with the National Railroad of Mexico. More recently, as a partner of Henry W. Taft, the late Chief Justice's brother, (the firm name is now Cadwallader, Wickersham & Taft), he represented the Interboro in the seven cent fare case, Clarence Dillon in the Goodyear stockholders' suit and the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America when they were accused of violating the Sherman Anti-Trust law. He has also appeared for the Government in the O'Fallon valuation case and some of the oil prosecutions. He is sincerely religious, extremely active and always willing to take on some extra load for the benefit of the community at large. The list of charitable, legal and international committees of various sorts on which he has served would almost fill a page in the telephone book.

Summoned by President Taft from a $100,000 a year "corporation law" practice in 1908, George Wickersham became Attorney General at a time when, because of the war on the trusts, it was perhaps the most important post in the Cabinet. He took up his duties like a soldier, attacking former Wall Street associates on every side. "Officially," he said in an interview, "I have no knowledge that the stock market exists." The Standard Oil, steel, tobacco, meat packers, sugar, powder, turpentine, cash register and harvester trusts all felt the keen edge of his blade, as well as many a lesser combination, and he carried the fight to the point of raising the question of Government price-fixing, because the trusts had long since initiated the practice among themselves. When the whisper was spread that he would be forced out of the Cabinet by the "interests," Wickersham cried:

"I would like nothing better than to go to the country on such an issue."

Underwood

Mr. Wickersham when he was attorney general

In the famous Ballinger case, one of the major causes of the Roosevelt-Taft split, in which Secretary of the Interior Ballinger was accused of handing over Alaskan coal lands to the Guggenheims, the Attorney General wrote an opinion reversing his cabinet-mate's findings on every count. Taft was bewilderedly supporting the Secretary, but when the fight with Roosevelt came Wickersham stuck to his chief and though T. R. criticized the Department of Justice on one or two occasions there was little in the record to show a reversal of the policies he had fathered as President.

Mr. Wickersham went almost out of his way once to pick an ill-advised quarrel with Dr. Harvey Wiley of "Pure Food" fame, whom he declared worthy of "condign punishment" for manipulating the Government payroll in a manner then quite usual in order to secure adequate remuneration for the needed services of an expert. He told the late Nicholas F. Brady in a court room squabble: "I'll settle with you later." He flayed the members of his own party for their refusal to support the League of Nations. At a public dinner attended by the late Woodrow Wilson, then Governor of New Jersey, he deliberately attacked the latter's "so-called progressive policies"; he opposed woman suffrage with the declaration that "what the women want is not to be considered as only a few of them have an opinion on the subject at all"; and when the prayer book commission of the Protestant Episcopal Church recommended a list of saints to the General Convention at New Orleans in 1925 Wickersham, one of the leading laymen present, remarked: "If a school boy had been asked to make up a list of names of those who had rendered great service to humanity and had produced this list, in my opinion he would have been marked zero."

There are only two real inconsistencies in his public record, for he swallowed woman suffrage sufficiently to head the primary campaign committee for Congresswoman Ruth Pratt and was never able to extend his doctrine of pro-

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▶▶ Corralling a Comet ◀◀

An Inquiry Into Intelligence Tests

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

IN nearly all private schools and colleges it is now the fad to attempt to ascertain, by certain tests, the mental curiosity and the intellectual capacity of the girls and boys; and the season for this inquisition is now upon us. That this strange system has not had a wider publicity is due to the fact that those in authority in the schools consider it wise to keep the parents in the dark, not only in regard to the very existence of this mental finger-printing, but also, and more particularly, in regard to the individual results obtained. Perhaps this secrecy is inspired, first by a dread of discovery, and then by an uncertainty as to the wisdom of the policy, and the reliability of the results obtained. At any rate, I know for a certainty that the intelligence tests of certain famous schools, both for boys and for girls, are guarded with the utmost secrecy. They are finger-printing our children; cataloguing their minds; pigeonholing their capabilities. And the thing is being done, in most cases, *sub rosa*.

For many years I have studied, at first hand, the whole intelligence test question; and I have come to no flattering conclusions concerning these strange and secret examinations. To begin with, to the minds of those who possess the intelligence quotients of a group of boys and girls, there is not presented a normal group of American boys and girls struggling for an education. There is presented, instead, Class A, Class B, Class C, and then the dregs, the morons. Of course it will never do to tell a mother that her pride and joy is a moron; the dreadful secret is kept from her, but is used against her boy. All this, in face of the fact that, in school, Wagner was considered an idiot, Napoleon, a blockhead, and countless famous men and women who receive the homage of humanity were often at the bottom of the classes they attended. In face of the fact that there is no test for ambition, for initiative, for integrity—those master living qualities by which human destinies are determined.

I remember one group of students to whom a so-called "moral test" was put. The group was segregated into two classes. Those of the first had never attended any Sunday school; those of the second had gone regularly. All took the same examination. The result of the whole matter was the disconcerting discovery by the examiners that all the church-goers were morally bankrupt! One of the questions asked whether, if one wished to put a quarter in the church-plate, and had only a fifty-cent piece, it would be ethically correct to put in the half-dollar and take out a quarter in change! Another query called for an expression of opinion on the propriety of cheating in examinations.

One of the morally degraded students with whom I talked explained the result of the test by saying that the church-goers were worsted because they told the truth!

NOW IT might be supposed that the intelligence test idea might take hold of men; but that it should delude women also is strange, for surely they are gifted with intuitions which teach them the vanity of mechanical approaches to human nature. Whether or not they have read Aristotle they know that they cannot trust geometrical accuracy in moral equations. People seldom act from abstract laws, but nearly always from motives of self-interest. Women know this. And they understand the ludicrous tediousness of attempting to make human beings march like wooden soldiers. They know that those who break ranks may eventually prove themselves far more superior than those who goosestep admirably. Yet despite woman's clairvoyant intuitions, especially in matters of human worth, even she has been misled by this pernicious theory of intelligence-testing.

If ever you are sufficiently immaculate to achieve entry to the sacred portals of the Roseneath Episcopal Female Seminary, you will find yourself admitted to the odors of high sanctity. Let us say that Miss Lavinia Randolph Custis Spottswood is the president of this school—called *seminary* so that the very name connotes things unctuous and unutterable. If you are admitted to the Presence, "throned and delivering doom," you are privileged to the same degree as is the arrant sinner who passes the Pearly Gates. And if your social equilibrium does not go into a nose-dive and a tail-spin at the same time, you deserve to be decorated for superlative poise.

I was lately admitted to this place of medieval beauty and manners. Feeling remarkably like a wild bull of Bashan in a cloisonné shop, I entered a classroom to inspect the discipline and the other mental labors of the young ladies there immured. To my horror they were taking an intelligence test!

Here let it be remarked that while, occasionally, it may be possible to obtain a fairly good intelligence test of a man, I doubt if such a result can ever be obtained of a woman. Man can be domesticated mentally, but woman . . .

"You see," my guide was telling me, "these children are just finishing their I. Q. test. Would you like to see some of the papers?"

A few moments later, in the sanctum of the president, I glanced over the aforementioned papers.

"Here is Henrietta's," said my hostess; "her great grandfather signed the Declaration of Independence."

"If the day is warm and cloudy, and the smoke hangs low, what do you think these signs mean or promise?" So ran one of the questions.

"They mean that God Almighty has something heavy on His mind." So ran Henrietta's answer. I read it to Miss Spottswood. She turned a slow scarlet.

"To think," she said with pained solemnity, "that one of my girls . . . But I am not sure we shall keep her. Such an answer shows a lack of intelligence. We expected her," she explained for my own enlightenment, "to say that rain was promised. How absurd to mention God!"

"Which one of your brothers and sisters do you love best?" So ran the second sagacious question.

"The one from whom, at the moment, I happen to want some favor." This from Henrietta.

"The child is incorrigible!" the president explained. "I shall really have to interview her father. She looks intelligent, but such answers as these will give her a very low intelligence rating. Dear me!"

Yes, thought I, dear me! But secretly my heart glowed with approbation of Henrietta and her kind. If Miss Spottswood could only have seen it, Henrietta was honoring her great grandfather by signing her own declaration of independence.

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On one occasion, while reading entrance papers in English for the College Board, I was much diverted by the winsome escape made by a human spirit from the dismal designs of a formal and dreary pedantic noose. A question supposed to test the candidate's freedom of vocabulary called for five nouns which would be synonyms for *a loud noise*.

Accustomed to reading dull and disciplined answers, and expecting nothing unusual, I read this particular list without enthusiasm—until my eye lighted upon the last term:

Explosion
Blast
Blare
Detonation
Afternoon Tea

Admiring as I do the graceful and intelligent, it seemed to me almost immoral not to give just a little extra credit for this shy gleam of humor, this convincing proof of alertness and good sense. It really represented a bored soul's laughing escape from the solemn pedagogic lasso. Yet when I recommended a special award for this display of wit, I was somewhat sharply reprimanded by a Reader from Vassar, who detected undue levity.

"The candidate," I was sternly told, "was taking an examination, not editing a comic paper. Grade him down."

A good soldier being not the only one to obey orders, I submitted. But my doing so was weak and hypocritical, for in my heart there was deep rebellion.

These incidents may serve to illustrate this subject which is very much to the front in the educational world of today. The idea of the intelligence test has become almost as important in our schools and colleges as the critical necessity of having a winning football team. To the calm observer, who recognizes in human nature something ancient, sacred but unfathomable, the intelligence test idea is only a new manifestation of our modern passion to standardize everything. It is an attempt to docket mentality. This rash broke out some time ago in the world of manufacturing. The face of fashion is marred by it. Things material—cars, dresses, razors, airplanes—all these are in a fair way to be standardized. Perhaps this is well. Mass production and standardization go together with things material. But whenever standardization attempts to invade the moral and the intellectual realm, havoc results. It is in fact exceedingly doubtful whether that mysterious whole which we term *personality* will ever yield to investigators, however patient, honest, and meticulous in their searchings they may be. Freedom, in its best sense, is a freedom of spirit; all attempts at standardization are attempts at thralldom. Zealous examiners and humorless testers of star-dust are making themselves ludicrous when they try laboratory methods on the human spirit, which, Jefferson assured us, is entitled to its freedom, which assuredly means something akin to the right to individuality. Are they not in truth trying to corral a comet? Are they not trying to capture in test-tubes and by formulae the thoughts that wander through eternity?

Human character is vital, vivid, and compelling in proportion to its uniqueness. In a deep sense, all the significant figures of our mortal history have been great solitaries: Eve, David, Plato, Christ, Caesar, Cleopatra, Cromwell, Napoleon, Lincoln, Burke. The charm of their differentness is the explanation, in part, of their mysterious and time-defying attraction. They have the loneliness of wings. They are not f.o.b. Detroit.

There is another consideration which, impartially weighed, should bring the intelligence test idea into opprobrium: it is that the humdrum mind will often succeed in the performance of so mechanical an exercise, whereas the gifted mind, instinctively rebelling at the request for a performance so puerile and picayune, is likely to be either indifferent or perverse.

For example, consider the so-called relationship question, which is a prime favorite. "Hat is to head as (roof) is to (house)." The brilliant idea here is to arrange the two terms of the second member in their proper sequence. The hat covers the head as the roof covers the house. The house does not cover the roof—except perhaps in an earthquake.

One such question that came under my observation had attached to it a corollary: the student was asked to supply an original set of relations. Of course the austere examiner did not anticipate anything but a dignified and becomingly dreary reply. But a comet is not repressible, as this illustration will manifest:

Thought is to a dummy
As pain is to a tummy.

I recall another jumper of traces who upset some well laid mechanical plans by his delightful refusal to be standardized. The question asked was in a private school, and was less intellectual than social. "What would you do if a lady entered your room?"

He, no doubt, visioning this startling encounter in his celibate's cell in a dormitory, where the fell presence of a woman is supposed to indicate a most arrant moral turpitude in all concerned, answered this dull question, not by saying that he would rise, but by saying, "After turning in the fire-alarm, I'd jump out of the window. In this way I might at least save my soul."

Another sorely taxed student, having his intellectual orbit charted by the sappy query, "How many legs has a Kaffir?" answered guardedly and conservatively, "About as many as usual."

Minds of any worth are airplanes; and to attempt to make them go on tracks is not only to destroy their beauty and their utility but also to render ridiculous those who thus try to trammel them.

The human soul is not to be so harnessed. Its rebellion against slavery is virtuous and spontaneous; and its escape from the mundane pitfall and the gin is likely to be attended by laughter that has in it less mirth than derision. When the comet extricates itself, its thumb is liable to be at its nose.

In a great many schools and colleges of real standing every student is being subjected to painfully rigorous tests in order that his intelligence quotient may be obtained. To this system, even a cursory consideration will suggest at least two stunning objections. The first is that since there are so many kinds of intelligence, it is practically impossible to arrive at a proper definition of the term. The second is that we ought to know that human beings can never be neatly labeled and pigeonholed, especially young people. They are entirely too mercurial and surprising to be bottled, put on a shelf, and thus definitely understood like so many acids and bases.

In support of the first objection, can we not say that "mad Shelley" was at the same time a great genius yet one of the least intelligent of men? Admitting that, in the broadest sense, there are recognizable degrees of intelligence, is it not impossible for us to determine those degrees? The artist is intelligent in one way, the money-maker in another. Was Poe intelligent? Many a blockhead will not drink himself to death. Indeed, after a half-century or more of per-

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formance on life's amazing stage, many a man begins to wonder if he has acted his part wisely. And he knows that he has frequently played the fool. And for complacent examiners to tag and docket the young, as if they were dealing with linear feet of lumber instead of spiritual stuff, the least tangible and tractable of all materials, is merely to manifest further our dismal and barbarous faith in things mechanic. It must have been an intelligence tester who is reported to have written to former President Eliot of Harvard this naïve request:

Underwood

Between classes, Smith College

"My dear Dr. Eliot:

I hear that you are one of the world's greatest thinkers. Will you please write your greatest thought on the enclosed card?"

It is exceedingly doubtful whether men like Thomas Edison, Charles Lindbergh, Alvin Yorke, and Henry Ford would make any records in a modern intelligence test, which is unable to plumb that depth of spirit where dwell in secret the mastering virtues of persistence and capacity for action. Where is the impertinent investigator who can invade that solitary far No Man's Land of the Soul where the true battles of life are fought out? If intelligence means anything it should connote soul-worth; and a man ought to be gauged by what he can overcome in his spirit-realm.

Intelligence, as our schools of learning appear to understand it, means little more than a kind of perception and a kind of knowledge adapted to answer questions set by a certain dreary and pedantic type of mind. In a group of a hundred students every mind is as original as every face; and each has its own excellencies. To subject all of them to the same test, and then with assurance to rate them as good, fair, and hopeless, is to treat human nature as one grades potatoes or apples or crates of cantaloupes. Intelligence tests are far more revealing of the minds of the examiner than of the capacity of his victims.

In all intelligence tests much is made of the rapidity with which problems are solved; that is, mentality is judged by swiftness. Flashy certainty, immediate arrival are considered evidences of excellence, whereas a slow and thoughtful solution of the same problem is accounted a proof of sterile or stagnant mental equipment. Yet life instructs us that genuine cogency is less like lightning than like the rising sun; as life likewise teaches us to distrust the fickle brilliance that some people have,—a brilliance that permits them frequently to guess right instantly. But when they miss, oh, what a miss it is!

I knew of one test consisting of seventy-five questions, to be answered in a half-hour. It was considered that if a student answered forty, he would be doing well. Of one large group of 300 students that took this test, two answered all the questions correctly. Of the two men of genius thus discovered, one went to college and was sent home in his sophomore year for many failures; the other, when he was hardly of age, was convicted of embezzling the funds of an orphanage. Truly, the race is not always to the swift.

The tests of intelligence that are ordinarily set in the classroom are, of course, examinations; but instead of examining students *in* subjects, they examine students *as* subjects. Most examinations in regular courses of study are failures; for those of us who teach are constantly provoked and dismayed to find dullards, drones, and loafers passing, while high-strung, faithful, capable students fail. How much worse is the situation when a student's whole mental equipment is compelled to run the gauntlet of tiresome and tireless investigators. The I. Q. of John is discovered to be 90; that of James is only 60. But by every sensible test the latter is far superior to the former. Rarely is it that one who stands high in scholarship in school or college is ever heard of again. He usually passes into oblivion by marrying a rich woman or by becoming a teacher. If he marries money, we must admit that he displays that dubious strength implied by Johnson's infamous epigram, " 'Tis commonly the weak man who marries for love." The history of our valedictorians in the world of men does not make reassuring reading. Most of them learned to take very deftly mechanical hurdles pedagogically set; but they faltered at the stern barriers that human society lifts against all who invade its realm with a purpose to rise and to rule.

One of the great eastern colleges for girls had a single vacancy. Two candidates of equally high rank in their entrance examinations applied. The place was awarded to the one passing an intelligence test with a better grade. But did the college thereby obtain the better student? Only perhaps. A student of my acquaintance who was always pointed out as the boy who had

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Americamania

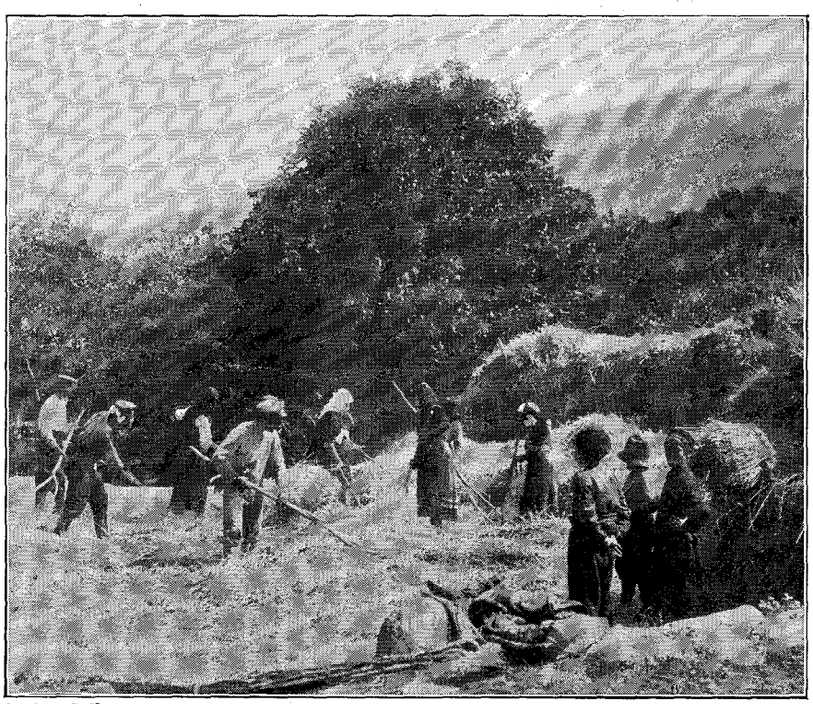
By STOYAN CHRISTOWE

MY NATIVE village squats like a drowsy dervish on the banks of a stream in a narrow valley in the Macedonian mountains. Like the other villages in this valley, it was founded centuries ago by liberty-loving folk who fled the plains where the soil yielded a more abundant livelihood, and settled in this mountain region to scratch a living from the narrow patches of soft soil along the banks of the stream and near the edges of the woods. The lowlands of Macedonia were continually harassed by bashibazouks and regular soldiery. In the mountains some shelter from the Moslem hordes was to be found.

But by shutting themselves away from the immediate arm of Turkish oppression, these simple folk built a figurative bulwark around themselves and dwelt in comparative ignorance of what was going on in the outside world. They cloistered themselves from civilization. Now and then stone masons and carpenters went to other Balkan provinces and came back to the village to bring a ray of the sun that shone in other lands. Yet they were Balkan lands. The experience of our valley folk remained that of a hermit, their knowledge of the world, of human strife, of ambitions and disappointments extended as far as where the high peaks of the thickly wooded hills touched the clouds, forming the horizon of their physical and mental world.

It was not, therefore, until the opening of this century that the people of my native valley discovered America. I was then a child and remember vividly the return from America of the first man of our village that had gone there. This man is still alive. Michael Gurkin is his name. But he is Christopher Columbus to ours and to scores of other villages in our province. His pilgrimage to America changed the course of our lives, changed the faces of our villages.

At the beginning of this century Macedonia was rocked by political earthquakes, the tremors of which were felt in our mountain fastnesses. The movement for Macedonian independence which had kept the inhabitants in a feverish state for over a decade culminated into a general insurrection. For three months in the summer of 1903 thirty thousand comitadjis waged battle with three hundred thousand of the sultan's soldiery. Regiments of bashibazouks swept through the country like a furious fire, leaving behind them mounds of ashes and human carcasses. The peasants, whose chief concern was to exploit every possibility of making a living without purchasing grain from the city, reluctantly parted with their ancient wooden plows, drove their small flocks of sheep and goats with them and sought refuge and safety in the depths of the dense forests.



Ewing Galloway

A threshing scene in the Balkan hills

When the uprising was completely quelled and we (I was then a boy of five) returned to our homes, we found them reduced to debris. With lumber from the nearby woods we re-roofed the bare walls of the half-burnt houses and built other temporary shacks where we housed ourselves for the winter. Nevertheless it became necessary for the men who had survived to go to foreign lands to earn a livelihood and send part of their earnings to the impoverished families in the homeland. Some went to Rumania, others to Greece and to Bulgaria, but Michael Gurkin, the least enterprising of all, went to America.

From America Michael wrote letters and told how he was making as much money in one day as one could not earn in a whole month in our own world. Soon people began mortgaging fields and meadows and humble dwellings to the money-lenders from the city for enough funds to pay their way to this land of fabulous riches discovered by the unassuming Michael. In a short time the male population of the villages which dotted the valley began to stream up the hills on its way to America. The whole province awoke to the opportunities beyond the ocean. The thing was like a gold rush.

The more people went to America the more letters came to the villages. Some of these letters contained magic slips of blue paper which the money-changers in the city greedily converted into gold coin. Every letter recounted the marvels of the new world and every letter contradicted the other, though they all purported to tell the same tale. In their eagerness to give even a faint idea of the fantastic world in which they found themselves, the poor emigrants had so jumbled their descriptions, if descriptions they were at all, that there were as many different conceptions and impressions of America as there were people left in the villages. The contents of these letters, exaggerated and distorted, were passed from mouth to ear until all manner of queer beliefs and opinions were held about the new continent where the manhood of the entire district and of neighboring dis-

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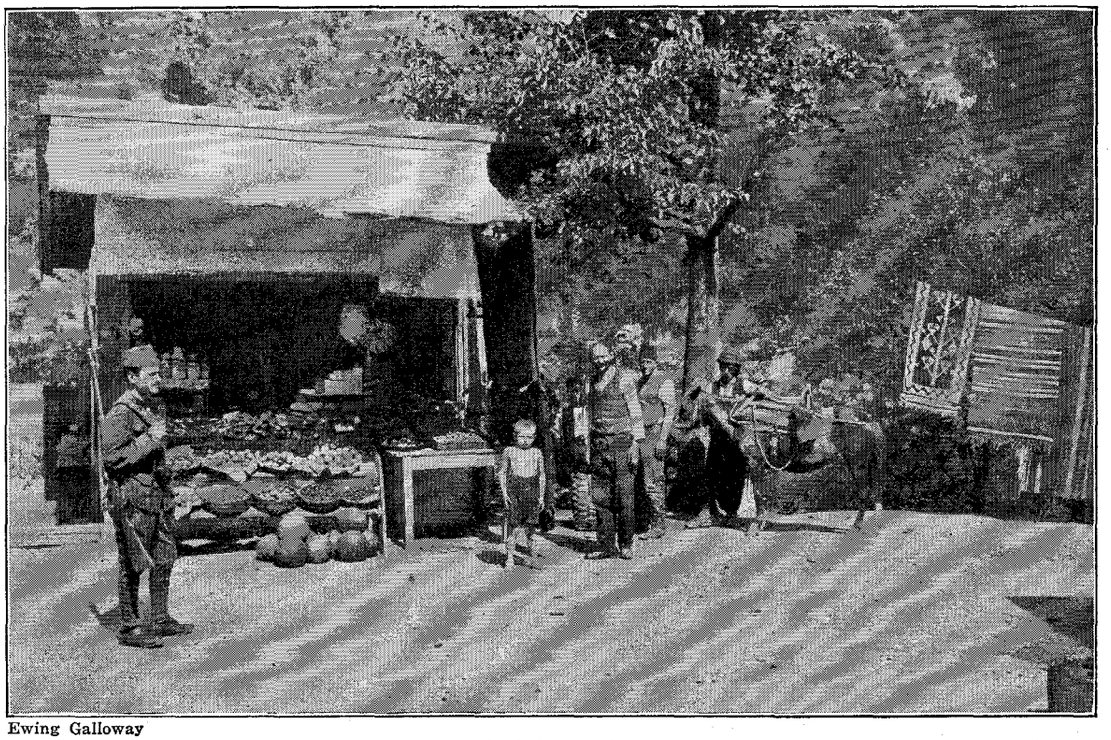
tricts had gone to gather some of the gold that was flowing abundantly over all the land. Some said that the natives in America had one big eye in the center of their foreheads; others spoke of such profusion of foodstuffs and drinks that people there drank from barrels and not from pitchers, as they did in our world. One emigrant had even sent a picture card showing a man drinking beer from the faucet of a keg that was balanced on his belly, a belly that protruded from his body like one of Ali Baba's jars and gave rise to the belief that native Americans were orbicular.

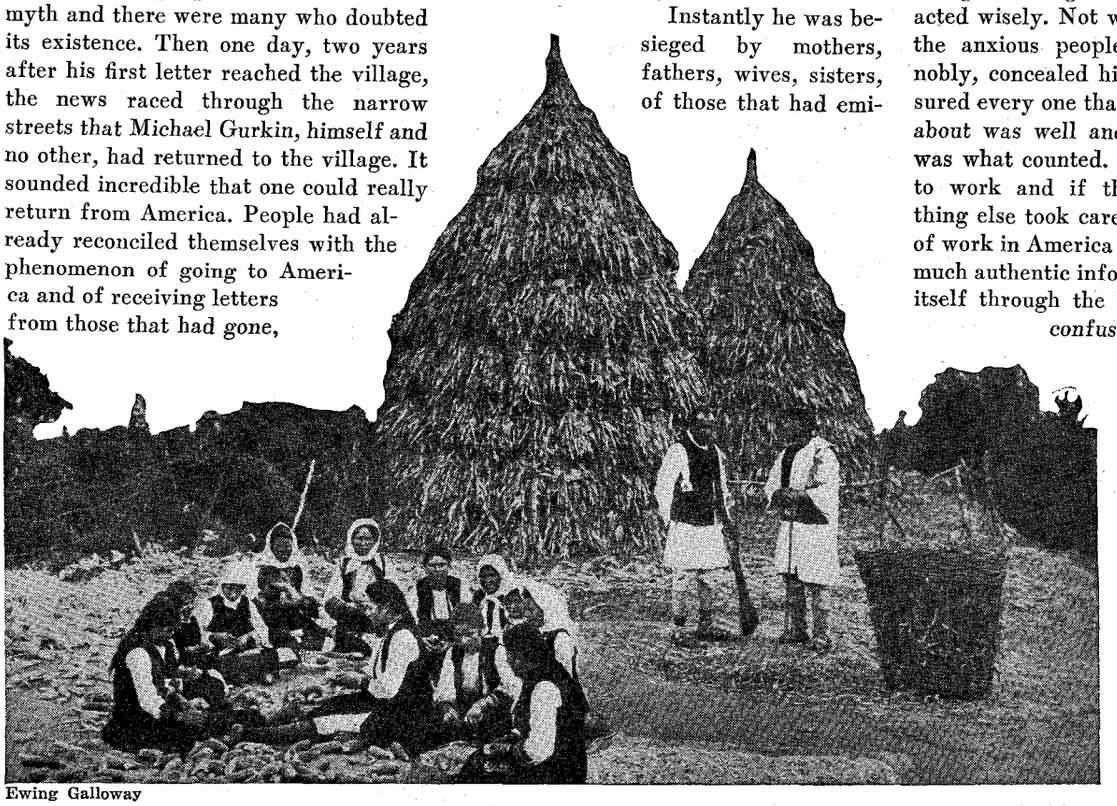


Ewing Galloway

Balkan roadside fruit and drink stand

As yet, however, none had returned from America to give a direct, oral account of things. Though America had become the topic of universal interest and had eclipsed all other phases of life, still in most people's minds it was a myth and there were many who doubted its existence. Then one day, two years after his first letter reached the village, the news raced through the narrow streets that Michael Gurkin, himself and no other, had returned to the village. It sounded incredible that one could really return from America. People had already reconciled themselves with the phenomenon of going to America and of receiving letters from those that had gone, but that one should be able to return was still to be proven. Now Michael was back. We had to believe it, he stood before our very eyes. If any one had the slightest doubt that it was really from America that Michael Gurkin had returned one had only to look at him.

Instantly he was besieged by mothers, fathers, wives, sisters, of those that had emigrated to America, all pressing him with questions about their dear ones, whom they doubted of ever seeing again, since going to America was like leaving this world without dying. Michael himself had no inkling that so many of the villagers had gone to America. Yet he acted wisely. Not wishing to disappoint the anxious people, he shrewdly, yet nobly, concealed his surprise and reassured every one that the person inquired about was well and working. Working was what counted. All went to America to work and if that they did everything else took care of itself. To be out of work in America was living hell. That much authentic information had distilled itself through the bewildering mass of confusing fact and detail.



Ewing Galloway

Corn shelling bee in Macedonia

I say that if any one doubted that Michael had really returned from America one only had to take a look at him. Surely he must have been to this storied land, if not indeed to another planet. Even those that were most stubbornly skeptical about the existence of America resigned themselves to ac-

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The Trend of Events

Irigoyen Out

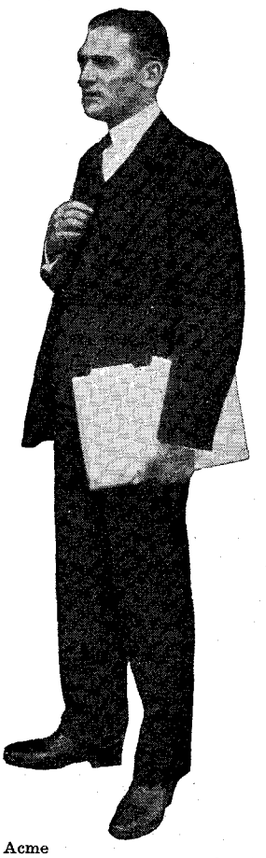
EVENTS have justified the fears of Hipolito Irigoyen, seventy-eight-year-old President of Argentina. For some days warships had been steaming into Buenos Aires harbor, while machine guns bristled from the windows of banks and hotels around the Plaza de Mayo. These and other military preparations revealed that the President had doubts of his fate.

His precautions proved useless. Irigoyen is out. At first he simply turned over his powers temporarily to Vice-President Martinez because of ill health, as the Constitution permits, thus resigning in fact but not in theory. However, both he and Martinez resigned in theory as well as fact when, with the support of the army, navy and military cadets, General, now Provisional President, Uriburu threatened to depose them by force. Nor was Irigoyen's action unexpected. Students had been riotously demanding his resignation, cabinet ministers had brought pressure to bear upon him, his Minister of War had abandoned him and senators and deputies of all opposition parties had issued a manifesto calling for "the cessation of the despotic and destructive centralization of administrative power" and "a radical change in the official conduct."

The reason for Irigoyen's downfall is, fundamentally, the reason for the recent downfall of so many other officials in Latin-America. Not content with the powers of President, he reached out for, and obtained, the powers of dictator. A man of the most simple personal tastes, Irigoyen nevertheless had a veritable lust for power. Formerly the idol of the masses and one of the great republicans of Argentine history, in his old age and in the first two years of his second (non-consecutive) six year presidential term, he had sought to take every governmental activity into his own hands, to make himself the single, secretive ruler of a constitutional republic of 10,000,000 inhabitants. The present temper of Latin-America is not favorable to these ambitions, as Irigoyen has discovered.

A Widespread Movement

COUNTING THE DOWNFALL of Irigoyen, there have been four major revolutions in Latin-America this year. The first came in February, overthrowing President Vasquez of the Dominican Republic, for thirty years a dominant figure in his country and for the previous six years its President. Next, in June, President Siles of Bolivia was overthrown by a brief revolution, though not a bloodless one. On August 25, President Leguia of Peru signed his resignation under the eyes of army officers, their disaffection the symbol of his crumbled power.



Acme

AROUSES RUTH

Senator Nye of North Dakota, chairman of Senate investigating committee

Not long ago, in Cuba, the deeply suppressed opposition to President Machado burst forth in a provincial town and twenty politicians were put in jail. In Brazil, the government denies that there has been an outbreak, and it is probably true that the perennial revolutionaries in the southern state of Rio Grande do Sul, who have been getting on the first pages, are not any more active than usual.

Excluding Irigoyen, analysis shows that all three of the fallen presidents had recently taken steps to continue in their offices, which they had transformed into dictatorships. President Vasquez of the Dominican Republic, long an advocate of a single term for presidents, some time ago amended the constitution to allow his own re-election. President Siles of Bolivia had recently declared it necessary for him to have a free hand, and continue in office, while adjusting a grave economic situation. President Leguia of Peru was inaugurated for the fourth time last October and planned to have his brother succeed him. As for President Machado of Cuba, who manages to cling on, he has had himself re-elected for a six-year term on top of his four-year term, doing so after an amendment to the constitution.

The tendency in Latin-America has been distinctly toward long-term dictatorships, and, to judge by the recent series of outbreaks, Latin-America is tired of it. Economic depression and fewer government jobs have played their part in the unrest. But all through Latin-America today public opinion is seething. More coherent and cogent than ever before, it is expressed, largely, by students at the universities and by their natural leaders, the younger and more radical professors. Latin-America is slowly taking another step in the long, slow climb toward true self-government.

Spied Spies

THUS RUTH HANNA MCCORMICK, candidate for Senator in Illinois:

"Newspaper dispatches report that United States Senator Gerald P. Nye, chairman of the special Senate [campaign funds] investigating committee, is 'indignant' because private investigators have been examining the methods and affiliations of himself and of his agents. Senator Nye wants to know who did it. I did it. I am still doing it; and the results have already justified my course. What is Senator Nye going to do about it?"

What Senator Nye did about it was to declare that his investigation into Mrs. McCormick's primary expenditures—known to total $320,000, including $250,000 of her own money—would continue. He also denounced the methods of Ruth's sleuths as "shoddy, scabby, unprincipled, unconscionable, contemptible."

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Mrs. McCormick probably has some sympathy in her attempt to investigate her investigators, to spy on the spies of the committee. The committee's agents, she says, broke into her office, invaded her home and tapped her telephone wires. Yet it is not primarily the tactics of the committee's agents which explains public sympathy for the lady legislator. It is the fact that, ever since Bishop Cannon bluffed the craven Caraway committee, senatorial investigations have been suspect. Still, it really is coming it a bit strong to set sleuths on the trails of United States Senators. We do not believe that public sympathy with Mrs. McCormick reaches the extent of condoning her act.

Entirely aside from her huge campaign funds and her arrogance toward the Nye committee, however, Mrs. McCormick does not deserve the support of Illinois voters. As has been demonstrated by her promise to vote wet if her state does, she is just another convictionless straddler. Fortunately, her election no longer appears inevitable. Now that Mrs. Lottie Holman O'Neill has entered the race with Anti-Saloon League support, there is an excellent chance that strongly Republican Illinois will send James Hamilton Lewis, wet Democrat, to the Senate this November. Mrs. O'Neill, first woman legislator in Illinois and a cracker-dry Republican, is an old-time enemy of Mrs. McCormick's. With Lottie and Ruth splitting the Republican vote, J. Ham may—and we hope he will—win out.

▸▸*The Coste Flight*

With a magnificently brave gesture Captain Dieudonné Coste closed the era opened by Colonel Lindbergh. In the silver Spirit of St. Louis the slim American boy showed that a plane could be flown directly from America to the European mainland, even from New York to Paris. In the scarlet Question Mark the distinguished French aviator and his companion, Maurice Bellonte, demonstrated that a plane could be flown directly from the European mainland to America, even from Paris to New York.

But there is more significance in the crossing than the fact that the lonely flight by the twenty-five-year-old Lindbergh has been returned after three years by the thirty-seven-year-old Gascon, ace of aces on the World War's eastern front, veteran of two decades in the air and winner of six world's flying records. For Lindbergh pointed an arrow of hope toward regular airplane crossings of the Atlantic and these hopes, drowning ten who tried Coste's route, seem now to have been drowned themselves by the "d'Artagnan of Aviation."

The very perfection of the Question Mark flight turned the trick. Aviation had been feeding its hopes on failures, dreaming that commercial traffic over the Atlantic in heavier-than-air craft might be realized by combining mechanical improvements, additional skill, wide experience and extra precaution. With that very combination Captain Coste showed the folly of their dreams.

He came swiftly and cleanly, 4,100 miles in 37 hours, 18 minutes, 30 seconds. But he had planned the flight for two years, started once, swept beyond the Azores, met unfavorable winds and wisely returned to Le Bourget. On his second attempt, his single-motored plane lifted 14,000 pounds but he was not carrying freight, mail or passengers. He waited three months for promising weather, yet after catching favorable winds he had to fly 500 miles off his course. He had the most advanced equipment but his radio failed off the American coast. He and Bellonte were skilled, cautious, experienced and resourceful. But they told of the fearful hours over the waves, and Coste, who says, "It could be done again," adds, "I am not anxious to try it." The reason is plain. Even when perfectly executed, a transatlantic airplane flight is too hazardous for a second attempt, too impracticable to have commercial value.

Captain Coste, above all others realizing the dangers of his way, came to New York for the rewards in fame and finances of a first flight. He brought advertisements from French resorts to the newspapers, a dress to be copied at Wanamaker's, a necktie to be produced under his name, and a by-line to be used by the New York *Times*. He came endorsing gasoline and continued to Dallas, Texas, in an eleven-hour hop for $25,000, a measly sum considering that Paris newspapers estimate his total rewards at $2,000,000.

The mad days should be over now that the Atlantic has been crossed without a stop westwardly as well as eastwardly. Yet few will hope that aviators will cease to risk everything for second prize and second honors.

▸▸*A Look at the Record*

Believe it or not, Coste and Bellonte were the 589th and 590th persons to fly across the North Atlantic. Before them forty persons had crossed by plane. Fifteen had come westward in planes, twelve had alighted therefrom in New York and four had been stowaways. The Question Mark was the fifteenth plane to span the North Atlantic, the eleventh to fly without a stop, and the fifth to get to New York.

The Frenchmen flew eleven years, four months after the first crossing, by the Navy NC-4 flyers; eleven years, three months after Alcock and Brown made the first non-stop flight, Newfoundland to Ireland; six years after the two army planes made the first westward flight. Then came Lindbergh, the

Wide World

CALLERS FROM PARIS
Coste and Bellonte in their record-breaking plane

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only one of the 590 to cross alone.

In the three years since Lindbergh taxied across Le Bourget field there have been ten airplane crossings. Chamberlin and the belittled Levine went from New York into Germany and Admiral Byrd followed to France with Noville, Acosta and Balchen. Brock and Schlee slipped from Newfoundland to London, and Amelia Earhart with her two pilots found Wales from the same take-off. Assolant, Lefevre and Lotti carried a stowaway from Maine to Spain, and Williams and Yancey came tumbling after.

Save for the Army flight in 1924 and the 1928 trip of the Bremen, with Koehl, Fitzmaurice and Von Huenefeld, Dublin to Greeneley Island, the westward trips all came this year. Kingsford-Smith and his comrades three made New York with one stop at Harbor Grace. Captain Wolfgang von Gronau and three Germans dropped into New York last month after seven hops from the Isle of Syst.

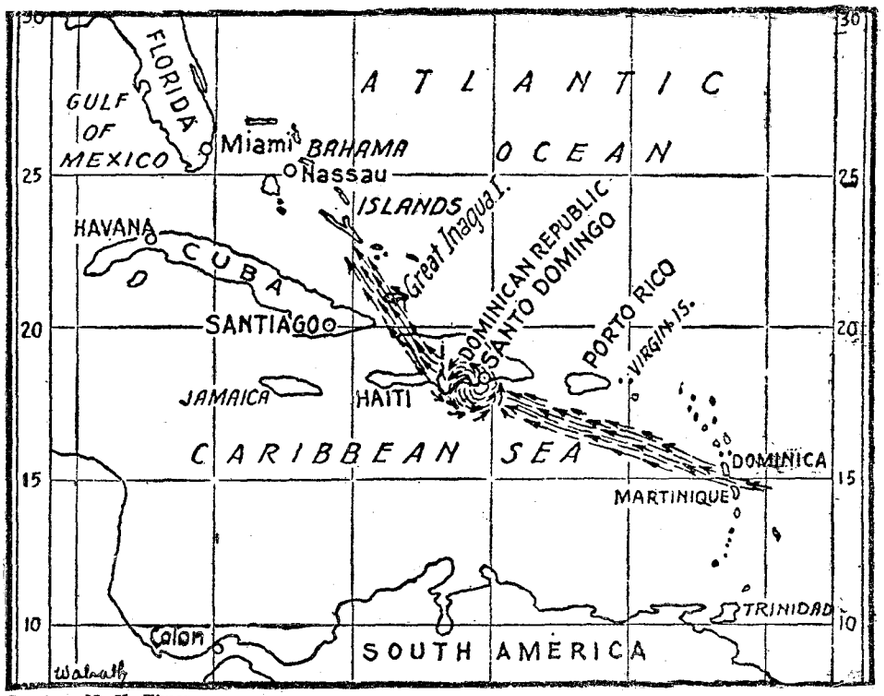
Amid the take-offs and receptions have been memories of planes downed or lost at sea, of ten lives taken on westward flights and others pitched away seeking to meet the sun. Against all this stands the dirigible record, eleven crossings, 548 persons carried (including duplicates, of course), no fatalities and not a ship lost. Britain's R-34 was the first to cross, from England to New York and back in 1919. Five years later the ZR-3 was flown from Germany to New York, delivered to the United States Navy and re-christened the Los Angeles. A few weeks ago the R-100 made a round-trip from England to Canada; before her flew the Graf Zeppelin, coming and going six times with a total of 364 persons.

Such is the perplexing record of aviation on the North Atlantic—planes, speed and death; dirigibles, safety and delay. Neither combination can hope to compete with the speedy, luxurious liners now calling regularly at North Atlantic ports.

▸▸*Caribbean Typhoon*

More than 4,000 persons dead, about 5,000 injured, all but 400 of the city's 10,000 buildings in ruins—such was the toll of the hurricane in Santo Domingo.

It was a genuine hurricane, despite writers who seem bound to term tornadoes and hurricanes cyclones. All three, though they originate in different causes, have the same model, for which see the pocket-sized whirlwind raising a miniature cloud of dust as it crosses a country road on a hot day. The whirlwind has a rapid circular motion; the whirl also moves across the landscape as a whole. Magnify the little whirlwind until its diameter is about 1,000 feet and it is a tornado. Increase this to a few score miles and it is a hurricane. To one thousand miles and it is a cyclone.



Courtesy N. Y. Times

Path of the Hurricane

There are these differences: The tornado whirls locally perhaps three hundred miles an hour; moves sidewise perhaps thirty. The hurricane whirls less rapidly, about one hundred miles an hour; moves sidewise quite leisurely—the Dominican one at only sixteen miles an hour. The cyclone whirls about twenty-five miles an hour; moves sidewise at about the same rate. Cyclones pass us in the United States each two or three days. The winds whirl, but on so large a scale that we do not note it as a whole. Cyclones seldom are harmful, being what we commonly call simply "the wind." In the northern hemisphere all these winds whirl in a direction opposite to the hands of a clock.

Due to complex climatic conditions, about ten hurricanes start in the Caribbean Sea each year between July and October, move northwest to the neighborhood of southern Florida, then swing northeast into the Atlantic, the whole path forming a parabola. About one of the ten is really destructive. That one occasionally crosses some large community, as it did this year, and then we see it writ large.

Analogous conditions exist in the Far East. There the most dangerous area is the China Sea. Conrad in *Typhoon* writes of a terrible hurricane, which in the Far East is a *typhoon*. No meteorologist has better described a hurricane-typhoon—the wind from one direction an hour or so, the sudden calm (the whirlwind's central part) and the equally sudden reversal. The Santo Domingo hurricane blew dead north two hours, then came calm, then it blew dead south two hours. A true typhoon.

▸▸*No Peace in India*

About two months ago Lord Irwin, Viceroy of India, delivered an important address before the national Legislative Assembly at Simla. To a certain extent, his speech was a repudiation of the Simon commission, with its recommendation that self-government in India be modified without being extended. In it, Lord Irwin repeated his pledge of eventual dominion status for India and declared that the November round-table conference in London, to chart India's future, would not be bound by the Simon report. Presumably, it would go much further toward satisfying the Indian Nationalists' demands.

As we said at the time, Lord Irwin's address encouraged hope for a compromise between Gandhi's followers and

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the British Government. Seizing upon this speech, two Indian moderates, Mr. Jayakar and Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, attempted to bring a compromise into being. For six weeks they sped back and forth between the government offices at Simla, and the jails at Poona and Allahabad. Gandhi is in prison at Poona; the Pandit Motilal Nehru and the Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru—with Gandhi the Nehrus furnish the Nationalist leadership—have been in prison in Allahabad. The two Moderates labored valiantly but to no purpose.

As their terms for calling off the civil disobedience campaign, the three Nationalist leaders demanded a full national government, having the right to secede and responsible only to the people of India. They demanded that this government have full economic and military control over the country. They demanded—but no matter. They might as well have demanded the moon. India will be fortunate if Britain accepts such terms a century from now. Naturally, Lord Irwin flatly dismissed their demands as "impossible."

They must have known he would. On first sight, therefore, they seem unwise for not attaining their objectives a little at a time. Apparently they believe that, if their passive resistance campaign, with its economically harmful boycotts, continues for a while longer, Britain will be in an even more conciliatory mood than she is at present. But it is a question whether they are not guessing wrong.

▸▸*The Ousting of Hearst*

THE SPECTACLE of the powerful French government bearing down on William Randolph Hearst and inviting him to leave the country is almost too foolish to be true. If the American government had done this thing, we would have called it a jackass performance. Now that the French government has done it, we can call it nothing else.

Mr. Hearst arrived in Paris on his way from Italy to England. The expulsion order was delivered by agents of the Sûreté Generale, the French Scotland Yard. As Mr. Hearst drolly explains it: "The officials were extremely polite. They said I was an enemy of France and a danger in their midst . . . . They said I could stay a little while longer if I desired; that they would take a chance on nothing disastrous happening to the republic. But I told them I did not want to take the responsibility of endangering the great French nation; that America had saved it once during the War and I would save it again by leaving . . . . Then I asked Mr. Tardieu's emissary to express to Mr. Tardieu my immense admiration at his amazing alertness in protecting France from the peril of invasion, and we parted with quite elaborate politeness. It was a little bit foolish but extremely French."

The French government explains that Mr. Hearst was expelled primarily because of his publication of a secret document relating to the 1928 Franco-British naval agreement, denounced in both Europe and America and promptly dropped by Britain and France. Mr. Hearst, however, believes that responsibility also devolves on the attitude of his newspapers in opposing our entry into the League of Nations and urging France to pay her debts to America. Curiously enough, this theory receives some support in statements from official French sources, which declare that the 1928 affair formed but part of the reason why Mr. Hearst was asked to leave.

Acme

DELETED
William Randolph Hearst ousted from France by government

We hold no brief for Mr. Hearst or his policies. We can scarcely bear them. But it is only fair to say that Mr. Hearst emerged from this case with colors flying, while the French government emerged looking, and probably feeling, silly.

▸▸*"Slandering" Hoover*

A YEAR OR SO AGO, Charles M. Michelson, long head of the New York *World's* Washington bureau, became press agent for the Democratic National Committee. His job is, of course, simply to cheer the sainted Democrats and boo the cursed Republicans. A similar functionary in the Republican party cheers the sainted Republicans and boos the cursed Democrats. But Mr. Michelson, having much material to work with in this year of Republican prosperity, has been delivering his boos and cheers with uncommon skill and reaching many ears. Hence the present chorus of pre-election Republican protests.

Representative Tilson, director of Republican campaigns for Congress in the East, grieves to think that the business of Mr. Michelson's bureau has been "scurrilous misrepresentations." "A great Democratic political party," he says, "has been conducting a Washington scandal shop." "We have no parallel in American history of a person being paid, set up in an office and issuing such libelous misinformation about the President of the United States." Since the middle of last September this Michelson fellow, "John J. Raskob's personally underwritten propagandist," has issued twenty-seven statements misrepresenting Mr. Hoover and his administration. For example, says Mr. Tilson, on October 31, 1929, Mr. Michelson represented the President as responsible for Senate delays in passing the tariff bill. In May, 1930, he falsely asserted that Republican members of the House were turning against the President. And so on.

We need not debate the moot question whether these statements were written by Mr. Michelson or by the prominent Democrats who usually signed them. If Mr. Michelson did not write them, he probably rewrote or at least suggested them. That's what he's there for. Nor need we debate Mr. Raskob's countercharge that Republicans hope to distract attention from their own failures by selling the country a "Raskob plot to slander Hoover." The noteworthy point is that Mr. Michelson's statements are essentially just what one would expect from a party press agent. If they were half as false or vicious as Mr. Tilson

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pretends, Republicans in and out of Congress would have attacked and ended them long ago. Judged from political standards, Mr. Michelson's punches land well above the belt. Certainly he does not deliberately and repeatedly hit below the belt as many a Republican did in the 1928 campaign against Smith. We suggest that the Republicans stop whining and, if they can, find and hire a press agent capable of matching Mr. Michelson blow for blow.

▶▶*A Mystery Solved*

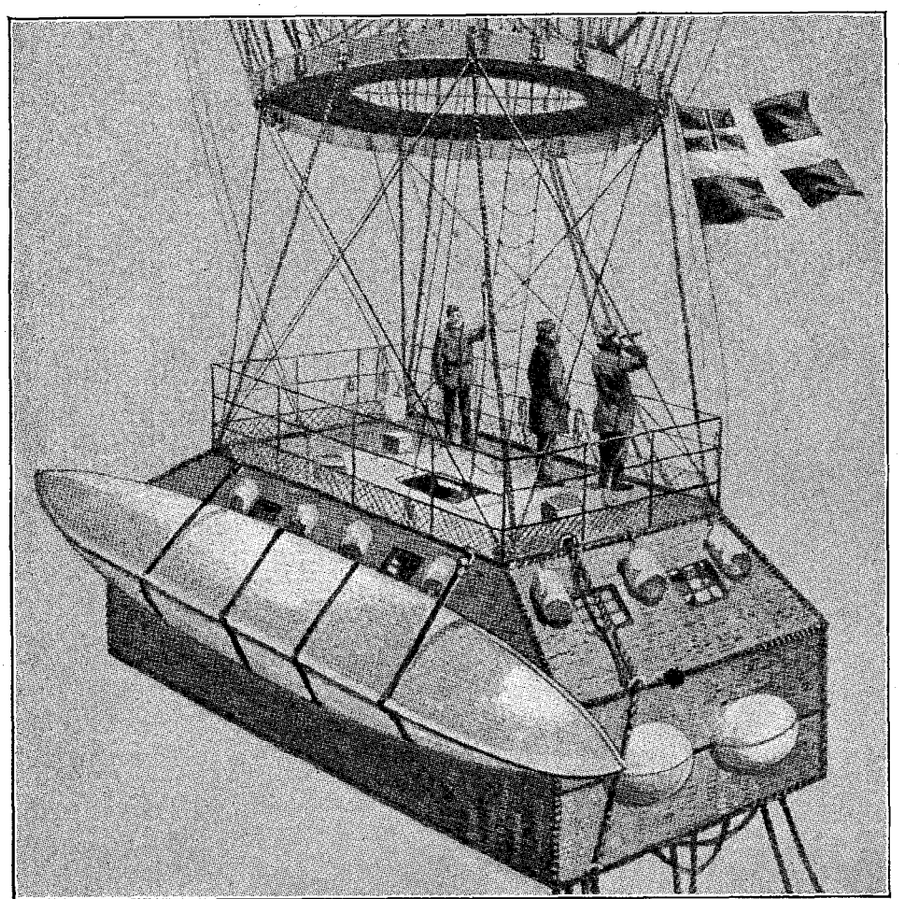
TWO HARPOONERS from the motor sealer Bratvaag unfolded the mystery of the Andrée expedition which disappeared thirty-three years ago in a balloon flight toward the North Pole. Seeking water in the silent bleakness of White Island, the two saw a discarded tin can, discovered a strange snow-covered mound, and found thereunder a boat and a boathook inscribed "Andrée Polar Expedition, 1896."

Calling Dr. Gunnar Horn's Norwegian exploring party from the Bratvaag, they searched in awe and silence. In the canvas boat were bones. Nearby was a human skeleton, clothed in exploring fur, partly covered with small stones. Further on, leaning against a hillslope, feet in snow and head detached, was another skeleton whose clothing bore the monogram of Solomon August Andrée. In a pocket were a few notes by the Swedish scientist himself.

Down to the world below the circle came a radio message. Scores of newspapermen gathered at Tromsoe, Norway, to await the Bratvaag. Ships and aeroplanes were chartered. Special wires were leased. The world waited while the Bratvaag moved slowly to Tromsoe and delivered the remains to the Swedish Scientific Commission. Andrée's body was identified. The other skeleton was found to be that of Nels Strindberg. The bones from the boat were those of a bear, not those of the third member of the expedition, Knut Fraenkel.

Then came the most precious discovery, Andrée's complete diary, wrapped in oiled cloth, placed at his back under his clothing as he leaned against a rock and waited for death, gun in hand lest death be by bears. The diary told of all except those last cold hours—how the balloon was swept from West Spitzbergen toward the pole, turned south when it reached the 83rd parallel of latitude, and was forced down on the floes; how the three explorers rowed and trudged toward Spitzbergen; how Fraenkel died and the others marched on; how Strindberg died and Andrée was alone.

There it ended. No need for more words in a diary when there is such eloquence in a man, daring into the north, struggling to get out, burying his comrades, preserving his and their records and dying of cold with a gun by his side. The story recalls other mysterious disappearances in the Arctic—that of Sir John Franklin in 1847, of Captain Henry Bartlett in the '90's, of Roald Amundsen, and others. Now that Andrée has been found after thirty-three years, we may hope that some of these mysteries will soon be solved. Others, however, will certainly remain mysteries forever.



GONDOLA OF ANDRÉE'S BALLOON
An illustration from Leslie's Weekly of August 5, 1897

▶▶*Contagious Protection*

LORD ROTHERMERE'S new Empire Free Trade plan—which would erect tariff walls around, and level those within, the British Empire—is gaining surprising strength. Not that there is unanimous support for his proposal that England drop its traditional system of free ports and open markets. Some days ago, more than a hundred bankers, manufacturers and statesmen signed a manifesto reasserting their faith in the old familiar doctrines.

Yet, two months ago, a smaller group of eminent Britons declared for protection flatfootedly. The recent free-trade manifesto points out that many of these protectionists also signed an international appeal for lower tariffs four years ago and chides the turn-coats for being faint-hearted. Naturally, it recites the classic objections to protection—higher prices, diminished production and so on. It also observes that consumers hate taxes on food, that manufacturers cannot favor taxes on raw materials and that financiers should not approve duties tending to reduce the trade, and hence prosperity, of South American nations in which they have large investments. Most important of all, the manifesto declares that the dominions dislike the Rothermere scheme. They intend to keep their tariffs on imports from England.

But times are hard in Britain, unemployment figures are huge, and the British public apparently believes in any

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economic port, even Rothermere's, in a storm. Thus, two weeks before the recent by-election in Bromley, Lord Rothermere nominated a virtually unknown candidate, gave him rousing support in the Rothermere newspapers and won for him almost a fourth of the forty thousand votes. The Conservatives held the seat, while the Liberals ran second, but only three thousand votes separated the Rothermere candidate from the winner. The Labor candidate ran a poor fourth, a sign of Labor's diminishing prestige.

Encouraged, Lord Rothermere, despite his split with Lord Beaverbrook, will probably press his fight more hotly than ever. What to do the leaders of the other parties hardly know. The Conservatives, who have already gone far to placate Lord Rothermere, apparently must go still further. In the Labor party, the unions are openly flirting with protection, and tariff advocates are appearing even among the Liberals, who customarily reverence all free trade doctrines as Holy Writ. Just how ardently public opinion endorses Empire Free Trade may not be clear until after a general election, which, even with good luck, the Labor Government may not be able to postpone much longer.

▶▶*Racketeering*

CHICAGO, still throttled by racketeers, has turned again to break their grip. The Crime Commission, the Employers' Association, the Secret Six of the Association of Commerce and other civic organizations plan co-operative action against Kings Al Capone, his little-known brother Ralph, and Red Barker; against Major-Generals Three Finger Jack White, Danny Stanton and Klondike O'Donnell.

These men, says the Crime Commission, rule the Chicago underworld. They have built up a powerful gang with hundreds of members, overpowered other racketeers and linked arms with police and politicians. Beer runners, candy workers, garbage handlers, window-washers and hairdressers are bowing allegiance. The miniature golf industry is threatened. Fight promoters and the like are helpless. "It is a fair estimate," says the Crime Commission, "that now, in bad times, the [Chicago] gangsters take $300,000 to $500,000 a week from honest citizens through racketeering, booze and gambling." More than ninety different rackets were operating in Chicago against legitimate business on January 1, 1929, says the Employers' Association, and fifty of them still are.

Nor is Chicago unique. No longer are New York's difficulties limited to bootlegging and narcotic gangs. A Brooklyn grand jury has described that city's racketeers as a "power which for the time being is greater than government itself." The state's attorney general indicates that gangdom has invaded the markets and the milk business. Laundrymen and electrical workers, pushcart men and even junkmen have felt the hand of the racketeer.

▶▶◀◀

Remarkable Remarks

Something seems to have happened to the American theory that higher and higher wages make for more and more prosperity.—LORD MELCHETT.

The object of life is to have experience and develop character rather than acquire money.—HENRY FORD.

Prohibition has been the greatest economic and moral benefit that the nation could have had to run parallel with its tremendous post-war business and numerical expansion.—SENATOR MORRIS SHEPPARD.

"Thank God, we are over to America," we said and had a drink of brandy around to celebrate.—CAPT. WOLFGANG VON GRONAU.

To my mind the old masters are not art; their value is in their scarcity.—THOMAS A. EDISON.

I have no objection to honeymoons or to wearing a plug hat.—H. L. MENCKEN.

No woman is beautiful when she is half-starved, or angular, or bony.—FLORENZ ZIEGFELD.

I am a child of the morning.—PROF. WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

▶▶◀◀

According to the New York Evening *Post*, which recently conducted a survey of racketeering in various cities, "gangdom has its operations everywhere. Where flies the Stars and Stripes, there runs the racket. In smaller cities, bootleg's the thing. But in the big cities . . . . business pays its toll." Evidence submitted to the League for Industrial Democracy estimates the national tribute to racketeers at three billion dollars a year.

One striking phase of racketeering is the impotency of municipal governments. There is evidence of enleagued policemen, slack prosecutors, tainted courts. More fundamental, however, is prohibition. The dry laws account for much of the racketeer's power and profits. They give him a base of operations from which to branch out. Civic organizations may ameliorate conditions; revamped municipal governments may clean out certain gangs. But racketeering will never be reduced to a minimum until the Eighteenth Amendment is repealed.

▶▶*Professor Leonard*

THE appointment of Benny Leonard, who once was light-weight champion, as visiting instructor in the School of Business in the College of the City of New York, makes very little sense. Dean George W. Edwards has not amplified the bare announcement that Benny would be present once a week, to assist the regular physical instructor in giving boxing lessons.

Mr. Leonard, in accepting the appointment, expressed gratification that he could "do something to help the manly art of self-defense," and said that it was certainly his duty to do so. But what has boxing to do with courses in accounting, salesmanship and the writing of advertising copy? Is the School of Business of City College to fight depression by having its young graduates batter their prospects into signing on the dotted line? It portends, at least, the new era of vigor which our industrialists have been urging in recent months.

▶▶*In Brief*

LET'S SEE; we're a little confused—will Calvin Coolidge's inscription on Mt. Rushmore carry a McClure Newspaper Syndicate credit line? . . . Well, S. Stanwood Menken, of the National Security League, says that the United States should recognize Russia, and probably it won't be long now before Senator Grundy comes right out boldly for anarchism. . . . Now that two men, James B. Hargisand and Charles Creighton, have driven a car backwards across the United States, it seems only fair to themselves and to their friends that they be known as two men who have driven a car backwards across the United States. . . . As goes Maine so goes the nation, always, of course, on the condition that Maine goes the way of the party for which you are speaking. . . . Our own prescription for the return of prosperity is the passage of a prohibition law by Congress. In our be-

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lief that prohibition spells prosperity we have the support of we know not how many great economists and outstanding business leaders. Or, at any rate, we did have about this time last year. . . . "Oh, well," one cannot imagine Premier Mussolini saying as he hears of the French army manoeuvres along the Italian frontier, "after all, it's just a war game."

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THOUGH this sound like rank heresy, we note numerous signs that interests which ordinarily dominate the Republican party are now damning it. Specifically, they seem to be trying to scare President Hoover out of running again in 1932. Almost as if it were a concerted movement—it may be, from what we hear—there have been suggestions, sufficiently delicate but likewise sufficiently definite, that maybe he has suffered so much disillusionment since he entered politics that he will not care to go near the muddied, Michelsonian waters again. These premonitory preachments appear constantly in leading magazines, in far-flung editorials, in newspaper correspondence out of the Capital and in the conversation of incoming political, business and industrial bigwigs. Whereas two years ago political tongues were wagging with the subject of Calvin Coolidge's susceptibility to a renomination, they are now speculating on whether Mr. Hoover will want or achieve a second one. The prevalence and persistence of this sort of talk suggest careful planning and planting. We doubt if the history of the Republican party can show a parallel situation so soon after the inauguration festivities and Wickershamming wassail.

We do not know Mr. Hoover's feelings in this matter, but it seems too much to ask that he share this viewpoint, albeit along Pennsylvania Avenue we pick up straight tips that he is in a quite dejected mood. We get word from more reliable sources, however, that he thinks himself misunderstood in that the underlying purposes of his Administration—the abolition of poverty, the mechanical mobilization of America, the stabilization of social forces, etc.—have not been generally grasped by the people or the press. He feels that time—meaning, we suppose, six more years in the White House—will vindicate him. Nevertheless, we are informed that the situation irks him like a hairshirt, all the more so since he has never been content to be a slow starter. He was, as we recall, a successful mining promoter and millionaire before he was thirty, the "savior of Belgium" at forty and a Cabinet member at forty-five. Contrary to the popular judgment, he is a restive and impulsive individual; and waiting on results was never one of his virtues.

His famed secretariat, which serves as the most accurate presidential weathervane at the Capital, likewise believes the clouds will soon roll by, and assures themselves each bedtime that all this silly agitation anent the lack of prosperity and prohibition will soon pass away. But for all this surface optimism, Messrs. Akerson, Struthers and Richey are no longer the merry musketeers they were when they moved into the Executive Offices. In short, the little White House group, isolated more and more each day, is playing a waiting game.

—From the Boston Evening Transcript.

Hard work for teacher

Of more recent days we discern a tendency toward open discussion of the prospect that Mr. Hoover may be denied a renomination should he decline to be shunted aside in favor of a candidate carrying fewer handicaps. Some there are who insist that any Chief Executive, no matter how weak, can wrest a renomination through the use of his political influence. But the surprising feature is that the majority argue to the contrary, including numerous political traditionalists within the G. O. P. itself.

President Taft's ability to renominate himself over the opposition of so popular a figure as "Teddy" Roosevelt inevitably forms the starting point in these controversies, we find; it is the principal argument of those who scoff at suggestions that the G. O. P. may turn to another standard-bearer in 1932. But the anti-second termers point out that Taft's strength flowed from his weakness and his willingness to play the game with the "gang." It was not fondness for him so much as fear of Roosevelt that induced the party mechanics to pack the convention for the late Chief Justice.

Mr. Hoover, so far as we can ascertain, does not find himself in the happy position that Mr. Taft did in so far as the nomination is concerned. The political boys entertain for him some of the suspicion they had of "Teddy." Even more important, Mr. Hoover's political foes have managed to retain their power in party circles, and should the opportunity present itself, they will seize it, whether in the form of a more attractive candidate or definite indications that the occupant of the White House stands a chance of losing the election.

Since politicians are unstable creatures, it is quite impossible to estimate the number who would stand out against President Hoover in a clearcut fight. If his sun is shining in 1932, if the business and agricultural depressions have vanished without leaving too deep a trace, they will be as strong for him then as they are against him now. And, except for Dwight W. Morrow, there is no opponent on the horizon. In short, the politicians have more chance of scaring him than of driving him out, and they know it, if anybody does! *A. F. C.*

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▶▶ Governor Roosevelt's Issue ◀◀

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, Governor of New York, is to be commended for his interest in the electric light and power situation in his state. Everybody gets an electric light bill once a month—some, a power bill—and it always seems too large. The suggestion, therefore, that it ought to be smaller is inevitably popular, except, of course, among investors in public utilities.

The illustration the Governor chose last week, the situation in the village of Gouverneur, is clear-cut and dramatic, though possibly not typical. Gouverneur (population 4,000) built a small, two turbine, municipal hydro-electric plant on a local stream. It lights the town streets, a municipal building and an arch. One man runs it. Private companies serve the private homes of Gouverneur at a charge of nine cents an hour. The village electricity costs the village less than two cents.

If the companies were supplanted, the village could charge home consumers a five cent rate and save the citizens nearly half of their bills, while making a profit large enough to pay all the municipal expenses—$11,000 annually—and in addition pay the cost of the plant in ten years' time. Exit taxes, and enter a lower, individual electric light bill on the first of the month. What could be sweeter? Nothing, the village concludes. Wherefore, on the Governor's advice, Gouverneur will apply to the Public Service Commission to sell electricity direct to consumers and a test case will be made of the public service laws of the state.

▶▶ AT FIRST blush the issue seems very dramatic. The spread between the cost of electricity to Gouverneur and the charges made by the private companies brings up the question of the profits of public utilities everywhere. The merit of state or municipal ownership as against that of state regulated, private operation becomes open for debate. The Governor, himself, has already introduced the subject of watered stock and the intricacies of corporate charges and holding companies. And the chances are, if Gouverneur is successful in its application to the Public Service Commission, that other communities in a similar position will follow suit. If Gouverneur is not successful, there will be a first-class row over New York State's public service laws. In other words, whether through the medium of a re-enforced regulation of present public utilities or through direct municipal ownership, the lowest rates compatible with the character of the power business will be assured to the people of Gouverneur.

▶▶ SO FAR, so good. The Governor of New York has done his state a service. But what then? Is there the general lesson in it that the Governor obviously thinks there is? Does it follow that power necessarily is the political issue everywhere, which Governor Roosevelt and dry Democrats like Senator Wheeler clearly hope that it may be? We doubt it. To begin with, whatever the merits, in small communities, of municipally owned and operated electric plants, it is difficult for the ordinary man to escape the conclusion that city or state owned utilities mean politically controlled utilities. Politically controlled utilities mean an extension of political machine patronage, graft and influence. In most cities, like New York, for example, to add the electric and gas companies' payroll to the already huge city payroll means the addition of such a large group of machine controlled votes as to constitute a self-perpetuating organization. Tammany Hall under such circumstances would probably directly control some 300,000 votes; enough to re-elect itself indefinitely.

Few practical citizens contemplate such an organization with approval. They prefer private capital, interested solely and callously in business profits, but kept in line by public service commissions and, in the future, granted franchises with short term re-capture clauses so that the public domain will not be alienated beyond recall. Beyond that, if Gouverneur's private companies have been gouging the village, what is the matter with the Public Service Commission or the public service laws? The question is one of proper executive action and recommendation, rather than one carrying a national lesson. So far as we know, the chairman of New York's Public Service Commission is an exceedingly able individual.

▶▶ FOR THESE reasons—and, if you like, because Governor Roosevelt is connected with a Tammany Hall under suspicion—we doubt if Senator Wheeler or Governor Roosevelt, or any other combination of wet and dry Democrats, will be well advised in any attempt to make political capital out of the subject. In our view, an attempt to do so at the expense of more vital issues would be construed merely as the expression of a desire to avoid discussing those issues. Certainly, in New York State electric light and power, while important, present no problem pressing enough to compel Mr. Roosevelt to be clear and vigorous in its discussion when he is able only to pussyfoot on other issues.

Pressed for his views on the fight for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, he said recently:

"I was elected for a two-year term on a state platform which defined the attitude of the Democratic party on the question. That term has not expired. The party, in its next state convention, will assert its position again, and the nominee selected to run for Governor will take his stand on that platform. Until that convention assembles, there is logically no need for me to define state issues."

▶▶ IN OTHER words, Mr. Roosevelt is not interested in making any personal contribution toward ending the present evils which flow from the Eighteenth Amendment in his state. He prefers to pussyfoot on prohibition and discuss power. Aside from the evident fact that power as an overshadowing issue in the next election is an absurdity—except to Drys—it is clear to most citizens that a man who is not downright on the one most pressing and dangerous issue of the day is not likely to be the man to solve other less dangerous problems.

The Editors

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▸▸ Waiting for the Gun ◂◂

By WILLIAM WALDRON SWAN

AFTER upwards of thirty observation races, and two races in the actual trial series, *Enterprise* was chosen to defend the America's Cup against Sir Thomas Lipton's challenger, *Shamrock V*. The decision which brought disappointment to the three syndicates that had built and sailed *Weetamoe, Yankee* and *Whirlwind* was made on August 27, by the selection committee consisting of W. Butler Duncan, W. A. W. Stewart, E. Townsend Irvin, Joseph A. MacDonald and George A. Cormack. To say the least, their job was an arduous and unpleasant one, for they had to eliminate three boats which were backed by good friends and clubmates. Yet they have shown no favoritism.

The selection is a fair one to everybody involved in the battle. *Enterprise* has shown a very consistent performance throughout the whole racing season, especially in light airs where *Shamrock V* is known to be good. Her crew and afterguard have left nothing undone to improve her and they will continue to work on her now that their period of anxiety is over.

Keystone
HAROLD VANDERBILT

It was expected that there would be more trial races and the sudden decision of the committee, at the end of the second final trial race, was explained by Secretary Cormack of the New York Yacht Club, defender of the Cup, as follows:

"We came to the conclusion that *Enterprise* was the most dependable boat of the four in all kinds of weather. The Boston sloop *Yankee* was faster in heavy weather and *Weetamoe* stood up well in light airs, but neither of those two boats seemed sufficiently reliable to beat *Shamrock V* in any kind of weather. *Enterprise* had survived tests under all manner of conditions.

"In the two tests that were completed, *Enterprise* beat *Weetamoe* in light sailing, and then went out and bettered a twenty-nine-year-old record in heavy weather.

"*Yankee* bettered the time of *Enterprise* in this heavy weather, but yesterday *Enterprise* distinctly manifested her light weather superiority. It is too bad that as fast a boat as *Yankee* had to be passed up in the selection of a cup defender, but *Shamrock V* is known to be very fast in light airs."

In 1920, when *Resolute* was chosen "because she seemed more dependable," she had to withdraw from the first race because of a breakdown. *Vanitie* then, and many times since, seemed the faster of the two boats, given an equally good skipper and similar racing conditions. Among the real sailor men who rock back and forth on yacht club verandas the selection committee of 1920 was "panned" unmercifully. In that year there were only two boats from which to choose and the selection committee could have chosen either and we would still have won.

Specifications of the contenders:

	Shamrock	*Enterprise*
Length over all	119′ 10″	120′ 9″
Length water line	81′ 1¼″	80′
Beam	19′ 7½″	21′ 8″
Draft	14′ 3″	14′ 5″
Height of Mast	153′	163′
Sail area	7,600 Sq. Ft.	7,803 Sq. Ft.
Displacement	134 tons	128.5 tons

Shamrock IV was nothing for Mr. Nicholson, her designer, to brag about. She resembled two of our early and unsuccessful efforts—*Independence* and *Constitution*—in that *Shamrock IV* had large overhangs and low freeboard. In other words, she was a freak. Mr. Nicholson has said since that he would have designed an entirely different boat, if he had known the conditions under which she must sail. He has done just that for this year.

Acme
SIR THOMAS LIPTON

Three of the four boats built to race for the honor of defending the cup have proved unusually fast. *Weetamoe* stands out as a good all-round performer with a dependable afterguard. *Enterprise* is a light weather boat and also goes well in a whole sail breeze. *Yankee* is beamier, and when handled by Charles Francis Adams, Secretary of the Navy, she can make them all step in a heavy wind or in medium going. The fourth boat, *Whirlwind,* has not found herself as yet. She may yet be found to have the speed her lines indicate, but it will be too late to receive any consideration this year.

In the writer's opinion, the committee

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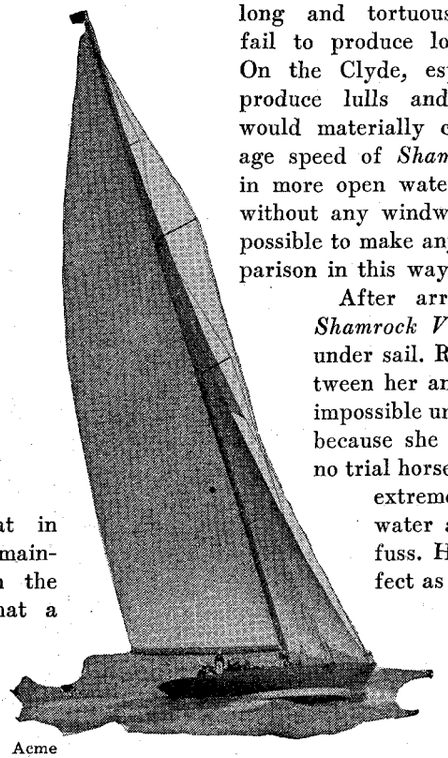
was ready, as late as August 10, to name *Weetamoe*. *Enterprise*, however, came to life in the later observation races, in the New York Yacht Club cruise and in the two final series races. She has stepped out so fast and has been so well sailed that she impressed the committee as the best boat to defend the Cup. The reason for this improvement may lie in the new boom, recently installed. It is of metal and is four feet wide on the top surface. It is so constructed that in light weather the mainsail foot takes on the "flow" or curve that a mainsail normally takes when bellied out in a breeze.



Acme

SHAMROCK V

Shamrock V is said to be at her best in medium and light breezes. Maybe so, but we happen to know that Sir Thomas had a representative at Block Island last year who went back over the files kept in the Weather Bureau and discovered that the average velocity of the wind where the races are to be held this year was between twelve and fifteen miles per hour during the month of September over a period of fifty years! In view of Sir Thomas's and Mr. Nicholson's failures, it does not seem probable that they would design and send over a boat for light breezes only.

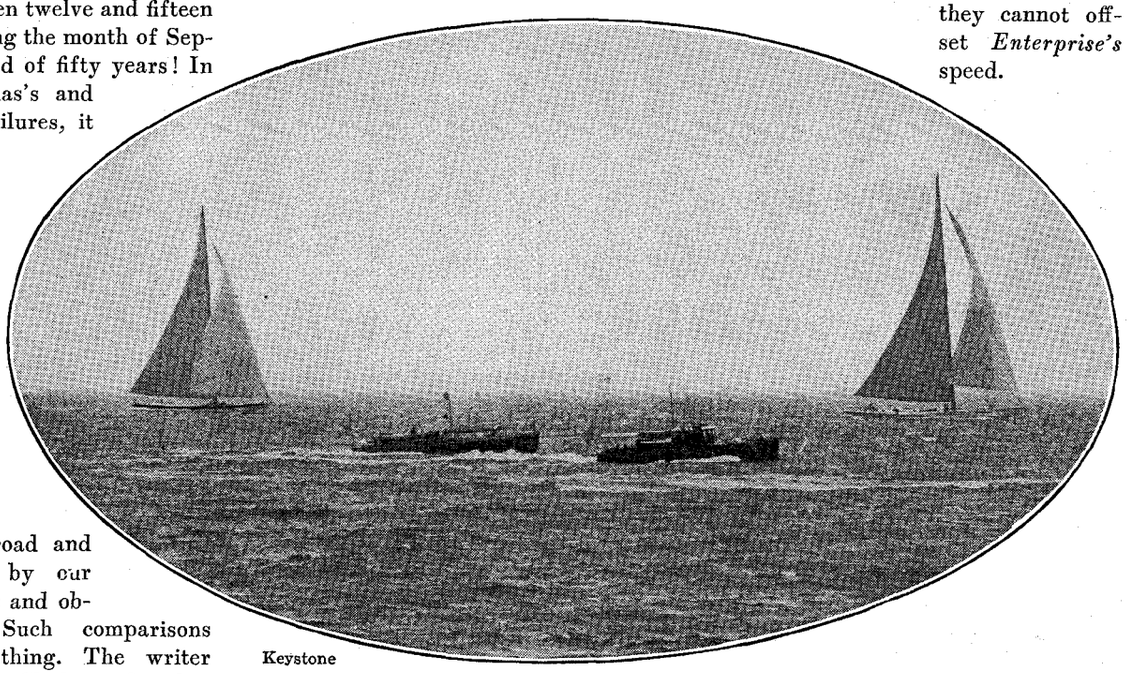
One statistician has compiled a set of comparative figures based on speed in miles per hour between the distances covered by *Shamrock V* in her trial races abroad and distances covered by our boats in their trials and observation races. Such comparisons mean little or nothing. The writer has sailed on the Clyde and other waters in which *Shamrock V* has performed and knows the conditions under which she has beaten her opponents. The British courses are long and tortuous and they never fail to produce long windward legs. On the Clyde, especially, high hills produce lulls and flat spots which would materially cut down the average speed of *Shamrock V*. Our races in more open water were often sailed without any windward work. It is not possible to make any sort of speed comparison in this way.

After arriving at Newport, *Shamrock V* took several trials under sail. Real comparisons between her and her opponent are impossible under these conditions because she sails alone and has no trial horse. She seems to move extremely fast through the water and with very little fuss. Her sails are as perfect as sails can be as to fit and flow. Her crew are working together smoothly and change sails smartly. Her skipper is cool headed and experienced. She will, in the writer's opinion, give Sir Thomas the best "break" he has ever had.

The *Enterprise* syndicate is headed by a sportsman whose name is already a household word, for it is after him that the Vanderbilt convention in contract bridge was named. He cannot, however, finesse his way past *Shamrock V*. Long before he graduated from Harvard in 1907, he was interested in various phases of sport, particularly yachting, and like many another yachtsman began sailing boats as a boy.

As to the outcome of the contest for the Cup, the writer believes that *Enterprise* will win, for the following reasons: She is a formidable yacht in light going—probably the fastest ever built. *Shamrock V* is also fast in light going, but her margins of victory over *Lulworth*, *Cambria* and *Brittania* (three very old boats) have been small. All of our four new boats, on the other hand, have beaten *Vanitie* and *Resolute* quite handily, in spite of the two thousand square feet more sail which the latter two carry. *Enterprise* will be well handled. Mr. Vanderbilt, her skipper, though quick on the trigger at times, is a real expert. His navigator, W. Starling Burgess, the boat's designer, is an experienced man. "Bubbles" Havemeyer can do anything required of him. C. Sherman Hoyt is a designer as well as a canny strategist and noted skipper. He should be an excellent foil for the fiery Vanderbilt.

Shamrock V is a splendid looking craft. She is by far the most formidable contender ever sent to this country. Designed by an experienced man, George Nicholson, she will be served by an experienced and careful helmsman, Capt. Heard. She has these advantages in her favor, but in the opinion of the writer they cannot offset *Enterprise's* speed.



Keystone

Enterprise and Weetamoe in their first meeting off Newport

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▶▶ Is Competition Dead? ◀◀

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

FROM time to time somebody rises and delivers himself of a pontifical utterance to the effect that competition is as dead as the famed Hector whose name has become synonymous with 100 per cent mortality. In proof of its demise there is usually cited a long list of mergers of banks, industrial companies and public utilities, as well as the fostering of railway consolidations by the government itself, and the rapid rise of chain stores.

This makes an impressive showing, when all the facts are marshaled, but the field of business is so vast that it cannot be covered with a single sweep of the telescope, and what we see going on in one corner may not be a fair sample of what is taking place elsewhere. This holds true with regard to competition. In some lines it appears to be virtually extinct; in others it has never been so vigorous and active—nor possibly so destructive—as it is today.

The fuel industries offer conspicuous examples of competition running riot. There is keen competition within the industries themselves as well as between the producers of the different kinds of fuel. Competition within the oil industry has led to enormous overproduction and much waste in recent years, and the leading producers are now striving with the government's co-operation to mitigate some of its ill effects. When a producer taps a known pool he feels under compulsion to drain out the oil as fast as he can before his competitors beat him to it. In California some weeks ago this competitive overproduction resulted in the selling of gasoline in some places for the mere amount of the tax imposed on it by the state.

In like manner competition in the bituminous coal industry has resulted in too many mines and great irregularity in their operation, with ensuing difficulties for labor. Meanwhile, both bituminous coal and anthracite have encountered a new rival in fuel oil, and more recently all three of these have met still another competitor in natural gas.

Some 60,000 miles of pipe line are now in use for the transmission of natural gas from the Gulf States to urban centers for domestic and industrial use. Atlanta and Birmingham are now served with gas from Louisiana. Denver is drawing gas from Texas, and Chicago will soon be doing likewise.

The main pipe lines between the fields and the large cities are tapped along the way by branches which serve smaller communities. So intense has the competition between coal and gas become in some sections that the coal dealers of the Northwest, fearing that the pipe lines will soon be creeping into their territory, are already beseeching the railroads to reduce their rates on coal as a step in the mutual interest of the roads and the coal trade.

While consolidation seems to be the order of the day among railroads, competition in the transportation field is not likely soon to become obsolete. It has taken on new life with the advent of the motor truck and the motor bus, and what the advance of aviation may do for it the future alone can disclose. Numerous rate wars between the railway and motor bus lines broke out during the past summer. The fare between Chicago and St. Louis was cut in half by one railroad, after eight bus companies had fixed a similar rate. In an effort to put the buses out of business two roads in the Southwest made a cut of 75 per cent in the rate between Memphis and St. Louis. This the buses promptly met, and the merry war went on, to the delight of all who traveled over this route.

ONE OF THE most picturesque of all the trade battles now waging is being fought with razors, or at least over razors. The expiration of the Gillette patents brought scores of makers of similar blades into the field. Last spring the Gillette people put a new holder and blade on the market, and in order to give it a start they actually gave away a new razor and blade to any one who would pay 35 cents for a tube of shaving cream, although the razor alone normally sells at retail for a dollar. But that is only one part of the fight. A rival company has been making a blade whose patent, it claims, has been infringed by this new model, and a lawsuit involving millions is pending. Still another company has joined the fray by bringing out a new style of razor which it maintains embodies novel principles, and it is preparing to match the recent intensive selling campaign of the Gillette.

Then there is the cigarette war, which has been waged by retailers rather than by manufacturers. Four popular brands which used to sell for 15 cents a package were reduced first to two packages for a quarter, then to 12 cents a package, and finally by one chain distributor to 11 cents. In the meantime two department stores in New York began slashing the price still further, until one of them was selling cartons of ten packages for 74 cents.

If further proof of the vigor of competition in modern business were needed, we might note that one of the department stores mentioned above recently announced that it had sold overnight cases costing two dollars for the absurdly low price of 84 cents, in order not to "back down in a price war." Reprints of certain popular books usually retailing at 95 cents it offered first at 89 cents, and then when a competitor went under this it finally put the price down to 18 cents. By that time the rival was ready to call the fight off. The management frankly admits that such tactics are "ridiculous," but states that they are employed to maintain one of its trade policies which other concerns have sought to challenge and discredit.

There is still another form of competition of which little is heard but which is having important effects on contemporary business. This is the competition which grows out of the passion for a bigger volume of business every year. There can be little doubt that this volume is often obtained at the expense of profits. As typical examples of this practice we may cite a store in Chicago which increased its sales by 7 per cent between 1927 and 1929, while its profits on its net sales declined 9 per cent. A firm in Boston registered a gain of 56 per cent in sales in this period, but its profits on net sales dropped 30 per cent.

From the variegated assortment of cases which have been cited it is apparent that competition remains a pervasive and exceedingly important influence in the business world. The reports of its death have been greatly exaggerated. There is a moral in this story for the investor. The facts go to show that no matter how assured the position of a company may appear to be, no matter how well protected it may be by good will or patents or other special advantages, it is likely at any time to be assailed by new and strange rivals. Eternal vigilance is the price of investment safety. No corporate securities are so safe and sound that one can afford to "lock them up and forget about them."

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The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

Hoover to Thacher to Garrison

IF THEY read the newspapers, and doubtless some of them can, the bankruptcy racketeers have good reason to be shaking in their boots right now. Members of the New York ring, who saw red every time anybody mentioned Judge Thacher or the Donovan report, were relieved when the militant Judge was called to Washington to become Solicitor General, but they have now made the painful discovery that the Judge, on his way from New York to Washington, lost neither his ideas about bankruptcy abuses nor the information he received from Colonel Donovan.

President Hoover, impressed by the Thacher-Donovan revelations, ordered a Federal investigation, to discover whether bankruptcy administration in other cities checked with that in New York. Solicitor General Thacher selected Lloyd Garrison, special Assistant Attorney General, to take charge of the inquiry, and the first gun was fired on September 4 when Mr. Garrison conferred with representatives of 17 national associations at a luncheon at the Bankers Club in New York, sponsored by the National Association of Credit Men.

After Mr. Garrison presented his plan, which strongly stresses the matter of discharges of debtors in bankruptcy, President William Fraser of the National Association of Credit Men offered a motion that two committees be formed, one to be a general group representing the 17 organizations and the other an executive committee of five, to assist Mr. Garrison in the inquiry. The motion was unanimously adopted and the committees are being appointed. This means business, and nobody sees the fact more clearly than the bankruptcy racketeers.

A National Banking Chain

CALIFORNIA has grabbed the top-of-column position, and this time without benefit of climate. The announcement from San Francisco that the Bank of Italy National Trust and Savings Association will be merged with the Bank of America of California, as soon as details can be arranged, is the most striking development in the banking field since the Chase roundup was announced five months ago.

For several years the fine Italian hand of A. P. Giannini has been increasingly active in American banking. The present consolidation marks the culmination of the plan he conceived when the Bank of America of California was formed two years ago. The merged institutions will be controlled by the Transamerica Corporation, as will also the Bank of America in New York.

At the close of last year the total resources of the Transamerica Corporation amounted to $1,176,000,000, and resources of banking institutions controlled by it were considerably more than $2,000,000,000. In addition to the wo banking chains in California and one in New York, the Corporation controls the First National of Portland, Oregon; Banca d'America e d'Italia in Italy; Bankitaly Mortgage Company; California Joint Stock Land Bank of San Francisco; Pacific National Fire Insurance Company; Occidental Life Insurance Company and other financial institutions here and in Europe.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) September 4—83.5. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) September 4—76.2.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended August 23—940,549 cars (increase of 17,726 over preceding week; reduction of 203,417 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended August 30—57% of capacity (reduction of 1% under preceding week and of 30% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended August 30—daily average gross 2,461,350 barrels (reduction of 9,150 under preceding week).

Grain Exports Week ended August 30—6,812,000 bushels (increase of 3,496,000 over preceding week; reduction of 556,000 under same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended September 4 (holiday week)—$7,763,952,000 (increase of four-tenths of 1% over preceding week; reduction of 32.8% under same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended September 4 (holiday week)—336 (reduction of 35 under preceding week; increase of 36 over same week of 1929).

Merger Bulletin No. 1234Z

COPPER now edges into the news, possibly because of a prejudice against allowing steel and oil a complete monopoly of the headlines. As forecast on this page some weeks ago, directors of the Phelps Dodge Corporation have approved plans for the acquisition of the Nichols Copper Company through an exchange of stock on a share-for-share basis. This is a Nichols family enterprise, founded by Dr. William H. Nichols in 1888, and owning refineries at El Paso, Texas, and Laurel Hill, Queens, New York, with a combined capacity of 600,000,000 pounds of copper a year. The Phelps Dodge stockholders will meet on September 22 to take action on the proposed consolidation plan.

Bethlehem is having its day, or series of them, in court at Youngstown. W. C. Reilly, Youngstown's vice-president in charge of operations, testified that he favored the merger with Bethlehem because Sheet and Tube faced the prospect of seeing its equipment become obsolete, and he thought it would be "a good thing if we could get Bethlehem money to remodel our plants."

In the third ring of the merger circus we have the United Cigar-Neve Drug Stores squabble. On August 22, United sold to Loft, Inc., controlling interest in the Happiness and Mirror Candy Stores. On August 31, United appeared as a petitioner and creditor to the extent of $291,000 in a bankruptcy action filed against Neve Drug Stores, Inc., operators of 66 stores in and near New York. A few days later Jules C. Klein, Bronx druggist, accused United of having entered into a corrupt agreement with Neve to file the petition.

When Do They Move?

A SECOND edition of Frederic Drew Bond's *Stock Movements and Speculation* (Appleton $2.50) continues the Wall Street saga from 1928, when the original edition came out, down through the dark days of the second half of 1929 to about the half-way point of 1930.

The first edition was well received, earning praise from Sir Hubert in the form of Colonel Leonard P. Ayres' rating as "distinctly the best book on the subject."

Mr. Bond knows the Street thoroughly. His comments, particularly on averaging, the psychology of speculation and specific market ventures which turned out badly, are shrewd and sound.

This is good red meat for investors, speculators and brokers. The last-named class have plenty of time for reading just now, and doubtless many of them will study Mr. Bond's revision, hoping to find an answer to the question "Do they move, and if so, when?"

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

The Procedure of Genius

THERE are amenities in all occupations, including that of the reviewer of books, for once in a long while there falls into his hands such a study as John Palmer's *Molière* (Brewer and Warren $5). In instances of this merit, the conscientious reviewer reads first with refined care the book itself. This done, and his notes at hand, he enjoys a moment of inspiration at the very thought of being permitted to pass judgment on a treatise the making of which was obviously a labor of love. Inspirations, however, are frequently followed by a sort of moral lapse. The reviewer begins to ponder skeptically his own ability.

The present writer asks the potential reader to grant him, in this case, the poor privileges of candor and subjectivity. It is in reality the only way out; for Mr. Palmer has his own ideas about the best method of setting forth the procedure of genius, and it would as little occur to me to ask him to change them and write as other men have written as it would seem fitting to insist that he change his dress or modify his accent.

Moreover, reviewers in Germany, and especially in Scandinavia, have the admirable habit of classifying their own "reviews." If they write after the fashion of a tested reporter, they call their essay, in Germany, an "Anmeldung," that is, an "announcement." They merely tell you what the book is about. If they actually criticize it, they term their contribution a "Kritik," and write in the vein of the editor as opposed to the reporter. This is a noble arrangement. And in England they had, in the early nineteenth century, the defensible custom of allowing the book "reviewed" to serve merely as a text. The result was some splendid writing that had nothing to do with the book in question. Allow me to adopt the combined methods of the German "reporter" and the English "essayist."

There are 494 large pages in Palmer's *Molière,* with only one foot-note, two typographical errors, only one word ("ensorceled," p. 297) that cannot be immediately understood by the lay reader, a mere bibliographical note in the appendix, and no index at all. Ordinarily, the lack of an index, in a book of this pretense and proportion, would be fatal. Not so here; for Mr. Palmer, despite the mountain of Molière literature already extant, has written with perfect detachment and utter disregard for named authorities or references. The one name that runs throughout the work is Molière; all the rest is silence, except for an infrequent allusion to such critics of Molière as Rousseau and Voltaire, and an occasional mention of those predecessors in the field of comedy from whom Molière borrowed—Plautus, and Terence among others.

Illustration by Edgar Parin D'Aulaire in Dhan Gopal Mukerji's "Rama, The Hero of India" (Dutton)

To this there is an exception in the case of Grimarest. In 1698, Grimarest wrote a life of Molière—in the strict sense of the word it was the first—which rested in the main on such statements as he could secure from Baron, a young actor who was for some years in the company of Molière. The present writer admits that the extent to which later biographers have gone to Grimarest, and La Grange, and even Vinot, for their information is unknown to him. If they have as much as Mr. Palmer contends, and if they have been thereby misled as acutely as he attempts to prove, it was high time that we had a reliable life of Molière, for on the work and works of these three, and particularly on that of the first two, Mr. Palmer descants with contumely and contempt. The words that come most easily to his pen at the mention of Grimarest's name are "libel," "slander," "fiction," "legend," "apocrypha." The result of all this is that when we are through we have a Molière who, at his death in February 1673, deserved an altar when the Church refused him a tomb.

Precisely how the truth is to be obtained in such a case is poles removed from easy comprehension. Molière has been dead for 257 years. He was only 55 when he died. He associated widely with the nobility, which meant the immediate covering-up of much. On page 229, Mr. Palmer says: "There remain of Molière's writing and conversation, apart from the plays, not above a dozen lines." Mr. Palmer also contends, again and again, that Molière was not a personal writer; that he did not have this man or that woman in mind when he wrote this play or that. For the truth then, we are forced to depend on the reconstructive powers of man in general. This gives us charity rather than criticism and of the two the former is the sweeter, and in many instances just as nourishing. It is only a pity that Mr. Palmer, formerly a newspaper man and now holding a secretarial position with the League of Nations in Geneva, did not feel minded to carry his charity on to the numerous professors to whom he refers, always without mentioning them by name, and to whom he ascribes responsibility for so many of the ugly rumors that have always floated around the name of Molière. He would have us believe that the same

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academic scholar, who will accept no literary statement without first examining the evidence for himself, will swallow gossip as fast as his avid throat can engulf it and broadcast it as wide as his loose tongue can carry it. Some are going to resent this, for the very reason that—it is one of the ironies of erudition—there is a bad measure of truth in it.

Molière was first, last, and always a writer of comedies and an actor of comic parts. What we actually know of his life, turbulent and distressed as this frequently was despite his aesthetic victories, is quite little; really not much more than we know about Shakespeare. But all we know Mr. Palmer has set down in language that any man can read. His statement of the various cases, including the disagreeable question as to whether Molière after all married his own daughter, is dignified and deserving. So we have in this book the whole of Molière's known life.

What else? Naturally the established conviction that Molière ranks with Shakespeare in the delineation of the comic character. But these two phases would hardly justify Mr. Palmer's statement, in his brief preface, that *this* life *had* to be written. He covers this dual imperative up with some coordinate attenuations, but it is there.

He has shown, probably a bit better than he himself knows, that France and the French people never had a stauncher patriot, a more loyal friend than Jean Baptiste Poquelin, *alias* Molière for the sake of his father who, holding the position of interior decorator to the King, did not wish to have the family name disgraced on "the boards that mean the world." Mr. Palmer's Molière is a satirist who fought, bled, and died to the end that the French might never go to excess, and that they might abandon such excesses as were gnawing at their hearts. He quotes over and over the words that might have been written by the best of the Greeks,

La parfaite raison fuit toute extremité
Et veut que l'on soit sage avec sobrieté

and always comes up with the observation: thus might Molière have asked the French to avoid exaggeration and be wise with sobriety. To show that this is what Molière was driving at, rather than some petty personal pique, he analyzes each of Molière's works, from *L'Etourdi* on, and does his job with an exceptional display of critical discrimination and sound judgment. His work should find favor for a long time.

Twenty years ago, the late Brander Matthews of Columbia was actively engaged in two quite different enterprises: reformed spelling, according to which the past tense of "read" would be written "red," and his *Molière*, a work incidentally that is totally unlike the one before us. The story goes at Columbia that Professor Matthews was asked by a colleague whether he was writing his *Molière* in reformed spelling. Brander, as he was vernacularly known, is said to have replied: "Oh, no! My *Molière* is a serious work, one to which I attach importance."

The present writer somehow gets the impression that if one were to ask Mr. Palmer whether he wrote his *Molière* in the spirit of his earlier works, his novels and his books of criticism, he would say: Oh, no! My *Molière* is the most serious thing I have done, for my hero lived in the belief that the avaricious man, the misanthrope, the fellow with the imaginary ills, the hypocrite, the ridiculously affected woman, and the Don Juan are not confined to the French; they are scattered among all nations, and my hero knew that as the world becomes more closely linked into a united whole these unpleasant people would be more inclined than ever to league themselves together. Molière was the seventeenth century Sinclair Lewis, with infinitely more art and heart.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

The Week's Reading

THE INSTINCT to procreate, attributed to all women by the world, has recently assumed an enormous psychological importance in the novel. It has become the popular emotional apex towards which writers eagerly climb. They follow procreation with a host of obstetrical detail, as a sop to realism, then cap their climaxes with a veneer of sentiment. This done, they rise in the public esteem as students of the female body and the female soul. *Seed on the Wind* by Rex Stout (The Vanguard Press, $2.) outdoes this new fangled study of woman, in quantity of description, if not in quality. Lora Winter, the protagonist of the tale, has five lovers and a child for each in the space of eleven years. This does nothing to mar her fertile beauty nor her fundamental purity, as the lovers never come at the same time and the children come at decent intervals. Only one of her assortment of male admirers has ever been able to stir her emotions and he, the first of course to enjoy her, goes off to the War leaving her alone, pregnant, and only nineteen. Eleven years later, when she has settled down at the expense of a gentlemanly lawyer in a sweet country home with the little harvest sprung from so various a seed, Pete, the favored one, returns in the guise of an unscrupulous crook. It takes her just a day to decide what to do about him. Lora Winter has had a chance to learn about men, one way or another, so she makes no mistake this time. The series of events which bring her to an earthly wisdom is unfurled backward by the author, beginning with the last lover but one, receding, man by man, to her earliest experience. This juxtaposition of highly unlikely lovers and their fruits addles your pate to such a degree that even the jots of truth and the titles of reality in Lora's character grow confused. No efficient technique or novelty of form, both of which Mr. Stout can claim, would atone for his twisted, unnatural effects and tortured efforts at psychoanalysis. He asks you to believe in Lora and what happened to her, to nod your head sagely at his intuitions, to appreciate his grasp of the sex battles in modern life. It is an extravagant demand. Open the door to your skepticism and pull up a chair for it beside you. Mr. Stout stretches your credulity upon a rack from which it snaps away in pieces.

LIFE IS a lunging steed to be driven with a whip and spurs over fence, over ditch, over stubble field or down paved ways at its ultimate speed, according to Jake Perry, the lusty hero of Ward Greene's new novel, *Ride the Nightmare* (Cape & Smith, $2). Discontent, conceit, and an inner dynamo of vitality unite to kindle this young soldier of fortune and hurl him into the swirl of twentieth century America. Mr. Greene's first character, Cora Potts, wound her way upward with a tough temerity and a terrible, native shrewdness. Now, Jake Perry, his second, careens through less shrewd, but no less brazen phases, pricked on more by rebellion than by ambition. This book is more ventilated than the author's first novel. More winds blow through it; it is open to a wider sky. When he was sixteen, Jake's father caught him howling curses from the Bible at a naked negress whom he had bound to a stake in the bushes. "Whoremonger!" shouted the outraged parent. Jake turned and beat him up, then vanished into the night and Eureka, Kentucky, saw him no more. On a box-car headed north,

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Jake defied the heavens. "You ain't afraid of God," he said to himself. "You're different." To be different became the aim of his being. Despite the hatred and malice of his encounters, despite the tender measures of his wife to tame him, he went on chasing his image of a personality. He worked on a paper, poor and drunk. He worked on a syndicated comic strip, rich and drunker. He took women riotously. He drew from each person who astounded him some fragment of personality and grafted it on his own. Nothing daunted him save the apathy of his audience and this apathy he contrived to avoid. At one time, imitating his friend Cawdor who was a follower of the Marquis de Sade, he led his mistress down Fifth Avenue on a chain, but when some women shook their fists, he jumped a taxi and rushed home. Once, long after, Jake met Cawdor in the Park and, having finished with him, tried to snub him, but Cawdor cried out: "Fool! I do not envy imitation artists or imitation lechers!" And Jake saw himself, for a few hours, with a naked eye. At the brink of death's pit, he reined in his nightmare horse and charged back into life. Thus Mr. Greene rounds out the saga of Jake Perry, vulgar, surcharged, devastatingly conscious of self, the arch-American of his class and time. You may hate Jake, you may spurn him, you may laugh incredulously at his grotesque vices and his everlasting mirroring of himself. But you always realize that, while he victimizes the people around him, he is the sport of his own universe. He is a foolish, yet somehow important victim. His pain is the pain of an animal trapped, whereas the hurt he inflicts on others springs from their own sensitivity. Mr. Greene has consciously or unconsciously written his version of an American Pantagruel across the door of whose soul are marked the words *"Fais ce que voudras."* The book, while it is too abrupt, too synthetic, and too expositively sensational to give you the rich variousness of a Rabelais, has none the less a gargantuan thrust which must be recognized as *bona fide*.

TWO WAYS of looking at the same kind of life, when deftly juxtaposed, stir you to ironic reflections. In Mrs. Millin's latest novel of South Africa, *Adam's Rest* (Horace Liveright, $2.50), the sum of the drama lies in the contrast between two sisters, Miriam and Janet, who live in a Capetown village. They are born in the eighteen-nineties when Adam's Rest has so small a white populace that the Eurafricans, provided their skins are something less than yellow, can "keep themselves white" and mingle, even in marriage, with the English colonists. Miriam and Janet go to school with a whole family of these halfbreeds. When Miriam is twelve, one of them, a suave boy with an obvious dark strain through his pallor, tries to kiss her. So Miriam, outraged, tells her father and the sisters depart to boarding-school. They come back, grown-up, to listless days in the village, with nothing to hope for. Miriam sinks into intolerable boredom, while Janet, who always lives vividly in the present, finds herself a husband among the British soldiers come to fight in the Boer War. Janet takes Martin with no thought for the future, with no knowledge of him except that, impulsively, she loves him. He fails much before she grows bitter. Not until several years later does Miriam discover a husband to relieve her tedium. The story of these two women's lives ends with their children matured. It leaves them both, the optimistic, unthinking one and the one who looks forever between the past and the future, analyzing, chastising herself, dreaming ahead, in weariness and disappointment. While their background of a lonely colony among the starving Kaffirs and sinister half-breeds lends exoticism to the picture, their experiences, their fears and their failures, are commonly human. No sharp storms of sensation break over them. No new, unusual tragedies fall upon them. They live out their frustrations, like the average, facing an ordinary lot in their two ways, so diverse on the surface, so ultimately alike. *Adam's Rest* has a quiet irony pricking the pathos of the lives it describes. Although it does not surge across your consciousness to carry away emotions, it flows along with a certain life-like rhythm, a certain nice perspective, and a harmonious reality.

V. P. R.

HAVING just finished one of his great dramas, Friedrich Schiller once exclaimed: "I would give my shirt for a good theme." The Right Honorable Earl of Birkenhead, wellnigh smothered with honors academic and political, must have been taken down with a similar yearning previous to his hitting upon the idea of writing *The World In 2030 A.D.* (Brewer and Warren $3), for it is a unique theme, and he has handled it with eminent distinction. The idea is not in itself new: Men have long been accustomed to engage in foretelling the future. Some acquired the title of major, others that of minor prophets. They have all been useful however; for the future is what we would all know. A great metropolitan daily is worth two cents on the day it is published while the issue of the day that is gone is good only for wrapping paper. But if we could secure a copy twenty-four hours in advance it would be worth millions. After all is said and done, the Earl congratulates himself on having been born towards the latter end of the nineteenth century, for the year 2030 stretches before us, he says, "murky, obscure, and terrible." It is not precisely easy to understand his pessimism, for he offers us some fetching pictures of future improvement. Wars of course will not be removed from the scheme of things, but infectious and contagious diseases will, and such marked advances will have been made in psychology that all advertising nonsense will have been killed forever along with forensic endurance tests in court rooms and legislative halls. The nine chapters of the charming book are so many booklets on the future of this, that, and the other. To read them is to have the mind extended and the fancy stimulated. The Earl predicts a huge bound forward in the way of life's amenities. Let us hope that by 2030 we will have pajamas with draw-strings the ends of which don't work back into that groove.

NOT long ago we were treated to *Mother India*. The book was so widely reviewed that we soon came to know what it was all about without having read it. In *Good-Bye to Western Culture* (Harpers $3) Mr. Norman Douglas has performed a similar service to and for the West, with especial reference to England and France, the alleged civilization of each country being topped off with occasional illustrations from the United States. There is not the slightest doubt but that the charges preferred against western culture are in the main true, and when compiled as they are here they make reading matter

The Outlook's Five Inch Shelf

For Week-End Reading

Mystery: **Murder from the Grave**, by Will Levinrew: McBride.

Novel: **Adam's Rest**, by Sarah Gertrude Millin: Liveright.

Biography: **Moliere**, by John Palmer: Brewer and Warren.

Miscellaneous: **The World in 2030 A. D.**, by the Earl of Birkenhead: Brewer and Warren.

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that is as startling as it is terrifying. All is not well in the West and Mr. Douglas is wholly justified in using the sentence, "They do these things better in Asia," as the oft-repeated war-cry of his brilliant and belligerent essay. Western life is full of inconsistencies, but he gives his case away (p. 147) in the words: "When a duty ceases to be a pleasure, then it ceases to exist." That is ribald nonsense. Shaving is no man's pleasure but it remains a duty. Mr. Douglas was much annoyed on the trains and boats while on his way to India. But he does not seem to have brains enough to realize that without red-plush seats or seats of some kind in a railway train he could never go to India. In details however he is most amusing and thoughtful. Our dog-cult is admittedly less intelligent than India's cow-cult; and our children do suffer greater inhumanities in some of our vaunted institutions than the unfortunates of India. We might as well confess it too: Some of his attacks on Christianity bear the stamp and leave the mark of pure truth. The individual who is not made to think by reading this book is dead with prejudice and immune to reason. Moreover, the style of the study is faultlessly catching and in makeup Harpers never did a neater piece of work.

A. W. P.

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Behind the Blurbs

WHAT seems to us the soundest word yet spoken on the subject of why America doesn't buy more books, is an article in the *Publishers' Weekly,* by W. T. Couch, a director of the U. of N. C. Press. "It is my opinion," says Mr. Couch, "that until our educators are better educated, until they show a more lively and genuine interest in books, until they realize the plain and simple function of books as practically indispensable intellectual food, it is doubtful whether the general public interest and appreciation will increase. Through all my school and college days I never had one teacher who said anything to me about developing a collection of books of my own." This is good sense, and those who find fault with the publishers' methods of stimulating book buying would do well to read this article. ♣ ♣ ♣ Sinclair Lewis has been asked to represent America on the committee of patronage of *Prométhé,* a new European review. The committee includes Valery, Gide, Thomas Mann, Stefan Zweig and Pio Baroja. ♣ ♣ ♣ Of use to amateur and professional actors, as well as to those in private life whose complexions need a bit of retouching now and then, is a new edition of Helen Chalmers' *Art of Make-Up*[1]. Included is the latest on motion picture make-up requirements. ♣ ♣ ♣ A 75 cent edition of the *Letters of Sacco and Vanzetti* has been reprinted in the Vanguard Series. ♣ ♣ ♣ *The Old China Trade*[2] is an extremely interesting book on one of the most picturesque periods in the history of the American merchant marine. It contains enough romance and adventure to outfit a dozen ordinary thrillers. ♣ ♣ ♣ For a narrower audience is *Captain James Cook, R.N.*[3], which seeks to refute certain charges made against that famous navigator by historians, who have felt that his tragic fate was due to his own misconduct. ♣ ♣ ♣ You will find just about all that is known about those "first Americans" whose earthworks were thrown up all over the eastern United States in prehistoric times in *The Mound Builders*[4], a lavishly and beautifully illustrated book by the leading authority on this vanished civilization. It will probably surprise you to find how advanced their civilization was, and how much is really known about them. It did us. But we, thank heaven, are always easily surprised. ♣ ♣ ♣ C. E. Scoggins, who has written a number of excellent adventure stories, has, in *The Walking Stick*[5], turned out a story of a different kind, a tale of a young man in a small city who inherited his father's grocery business and place in the Rotary Club, and then refused to conform. How he was laughed at and looked down upon, how he went to New York and played the piano in a Greenwich Village restaurant, and how in the end he re-established himself in the eyes of his fellow townsmen, is simply and pleasantly told. Mr. Scoggins is not one of the savage Rotarian baiters, and he lets both sides have their say, so that the story, though not important, is sane and entertaining to read.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

We regret that the review of *Traitor! Traitor!* by Johnston D. Kerkhoff (Greenberg) which appeared in our issue of August 27, was released in advance of publication date. The volume was published September 5.

1. Appleton, $2.00.
2. By Foster Rhea Dulles: Houghton Mifflin, $4.00.
3. By Sir Joseph Carruthers: Dutton, $2.75.
4. By Henry Clyde Shetrone: Appleton, $7.50.
5. Bobbs Merrill, $1.00.

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The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

Fiction

Seed, by Charles G. Norris: Doubleday, Doran. To be reviewed next week.

Years of Grace, by Margaret Ayer Barnes: Houghton, Mifflin. A detached and clear picture of fifty years with their changing influences. Reviewed July 2.

Exit, by Harold Bell Wright: Appleton. Admirers of Mr. Wright will probably like this one. Reviewed August 13.

Shepherds in Sackcloth, by Sheila Kaye-Smith: Harpers. Life in an English country parish, faithfully and sympathetically described. Reviewed August 27.

Laments for the Living, by Dorothy Parker: Viking. Brilliant, acrid sketches and short stories. Reviewed June 18.

Non-Fiction

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor. Reviewed May 21.

Roosevelt, by Owen Wister: Macmillan. Entertaining portrait of the President, as revealed in fifty years of intimate association.

Lone Cowboy, by Will James: Scribner. A stimulating tale of varied adventures in the cow country; particularly noteworthy for its descriptions of horses. Reviewed August 20.

William Howard Taft, by Herbert S. Duffy: Minton, Balch. A study of the President through many years of active public life. Reviewed Sept. 3.

Green Pastures, by Marc Connelly: Farrar & Rinehart. The white man's idea of the Negro's idea of heaven in a touching play developed from Roark Bradford's stories. Reviewed March 12.

Magazine Articles Recommended

Moscow Morals, by William C. White. Scribner's, September.

Soviet marriage and divorce are simple, prompt and without cost; but if there are children, the husband must pay thirty-three per cent of his income until they are sixteen years old. The alimony is deducted, at the source, by his employers. Brothers, sisters or grandparents must support children whose parents cannot do so. There are at least three weaknesses in the law, which is a popular one: many divorces are for trivial reasons; one third of the average Moscow salary is hardly enough for a mother and her children; the divorced wife of fifty, with children over the age of sixteen, gets no alimony. But Mr. White, after three years in Russia, (and "hopes to go back," says Scribner's) points out that the law must be studied against its actual background of Russian economic conditions, traditions and customs.

The British Philosophy of Business, by William McFee. Nation's Business, September.

William McFee, famous author who knows ships and sailors, was once a London salesman—of washing machines! In this article he is concerned with the inevitable, ineradicable differences between American and British business philosophy. "In the United States," he remarks, "the average man and woman are receptive to the idea of buying; in England they are suspicious and resentful toward the abstract notion of purchase. There is, in America, no wall of insulation between seller and prospect. The latter subconsciously concedes the salesman full rights, as a human being, to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. This state of mind has been fostered by advertising on a scale so enormous that English people have no conception of it. American publicity is a machine gun which aims at a target, but wastes ammunition. English advertising is a slightly antiquated piece which often fires a blank charge in the wrong direction."

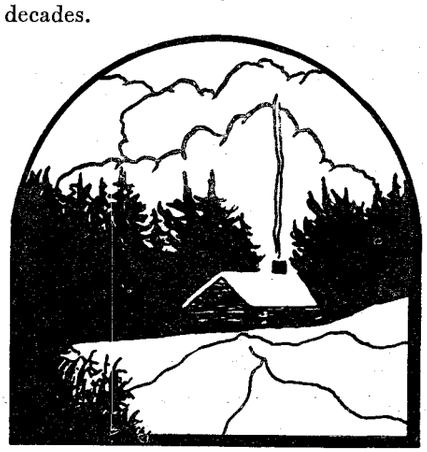
The International "Big Three"

As Seen in Recent Books

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE three nations which have the greatest actual significance in international society are undoubtedly Germany, Great Britain and the United States. To other nations the future may belong; other nations may enjoy greater political or military power; but these are the "Big Three" of the modern world in economics, and economics underlie history as the world underlies the firmament. Twelve years after the Armistice, these three nations still stand in the front rank and are following courses which are watched with anxiety by the greater part of mankind.

Germany, after suffering the greatest defeat in modern history, after being stripped of her colonies and deprived of many of her mineral resources, after being assessed an astronomical sum for reparations, is again the economic center of gravity of the European mainland. Great Britain, which won the War and received great territorial and economic advantages at its conclusion, is still the bridge between Europe and the rest of the world, the link which binds the political fortunes of the colored races to those of the white, the economic focus of the world's sea-borne commerce and the standard of naval grandeur. The United States, which neither lost the War nor received any tangible advantage in the formal peace, is still forging ahead as the arbiter of world economics, the reluctant wielder of the balance of power, and financial colossus of the future. The world cannot afford to ignore whatever these three nations do; neither can these three nations afford to ignore the effect of their policies on the rest of mankind. In every case, international responsibilities outweigh the national desires of the three peoples, and between them they are destined to write the economic history of the next two decades.



There is regrettably little work being done in contemporary America to study and analyze the post-war position of the United States. There are plenty of propagandists, home-grown and exotic, to underline our "moral duty," but few to measure our political stature. It is for this reason that one wishes that Professor James C. Malin, of the University of Kansas, had made a better job of his *The United States After the World War* (Ginn & Co. $3.40). As a chronological compilation it is excellent, but what an opportunity was missed for a vital appraisal of our post-war history! It is a reminder of our political immaturity to read Leonard Woods Larabee's *Royal Government in America: A Study of the British Colonial System Before 1783* (Yale Press, $4.50) and to compare the wit, the thoroughness and the erudition which went to its making (as is inevitable with one of Professor Charles Andrews' students), with the failure of American scholarship to grasp the vitality and the significance of contemporary America. Set a historian to analyze what happened over 150 years ago and he does himself proud; ask him to describe what is going on under his nose and he flounders around and fetches up by printing the Covenant of the League in his Appendix and eulogizing the well-documented World Court.

They do these things better in England. There are two books on hand—Ramsay Muir's *How England Is Governed* (Richard R. Smith, $3.00) and Arthur Birnie's *Economic History of Europe: 1760-1930* (Lincoln MacVeagh)—which are as fresh and as solid pieces of contemporary observation as have come before the public in recent years. In a single paragraph on the thirteenth page of his book, Professor Birnie can compress the economic result of the War in terms which leave nothing to be desired, and can, in the next chapter, discuss intelligently and vividly the little-known "agricultural revolution" of eighteenth century England. Mr. Muir discusses the "dictatorship" of the British Cabinet in simple, vigorous and realistic terms, when a similar theme in American politics would evoke rancid demagoguery or bland Babbittry from our partisan publicists.

EVEN IN post-war Germany—where there is cause enough for rancor—Alfred Von Wegerer can devote a well-reasoned volume to *A Refutation of the*

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Versailles War Guilt Thesis (Knopf, $3) and make an extremely telling point when he observes that:

. . . . the Allied statesmen and their associates deliberately glossed over the real causes of the War, and sidetracked the effort to determine the connection of events leading to the outbreak of hostilities. With Germany eliminated as a World Power, her military and naval armaments destroyed, and her monarchical form of government overthrown, the delusion was propagated that the possibilities of future war had been removed or at least reduced to a minimum . . . . It has remained, however, for Erich Koch-Weser, leader of the German Democratic Party, to write a really big book: *Germany in the Post-War World* (Dorrance, $2.00) which sums up the "Big Three" and Germany's future political course with rare sagacity. "The history of these last few years," he writes, "has proved that one hundred and thirty million Americans, without ever aspiring to such a task, were repeatedly called upon by four hundred and eighty million Europeans to wield a decisive influence on the fate of the older continent." He finds that "it is England's task to hold the front-line position in a defensive battle against the non-European races. It is for this reason that for many years England has suffered economically, at the same time being threatened politically." As for Germany, he says, her future must evolve as follows: No European Union —"Mittel-Europa is of greater importance to Germany than is Pan-Europe"; No more colonies—"I, for one, would be a little wary about accepting an offer from our former opponents to restore to us a small and valueless colony, just for the sake of enlisting us, once more, in the ranks of Colonial powers"; reciprocal rights and duties towards all minorities in Europe; revision of the Eastern frontiers; union of Austria and Germany—"Interference with the union of Austria and Germany can only be based upon the right of the stronger"; and let the war-guilt question alone—"After all, the question of War Guilt does not constitute the basis of the Versailles Treaty . . . . The actual basis for the Treaty is our defeat."

This is a simple, realistic statement of Germany's post-war position and political aspirations. Its practicality will appeal to many of those Englishmen and Americans who regard modern Germany as their natural partner in the economic organization of the future. Its moderation will reassure many non-Nordics to whom the Treaty of Versailles is still the charter of their national liberties.

JOHN CARTER.

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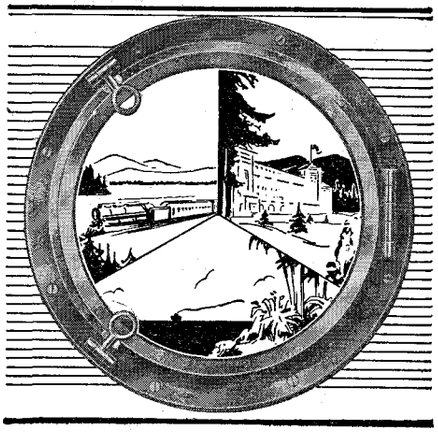

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The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"Monte Carlo"

ERNST LUBITSCH, Jack Buchanan and Jeanette MacDonald have achieved a film operetta which is primarily a motion picture which moves, and is not a rehash of an antique stage musical. Furthermore, *Monte Carlo* is smart, well-groomed, handsomely photographed, and contains no sappy sentimental interludes whatever. Which is more than you can say for the average Broadway musical. Again, it is an operetta without a single tap dancer or pony ballet. Jack Buchanan (of London and New York stage fame) is a sort of British Chevalier, while Jeanette MacDonald's lovely figure slithers in and out of a deal of expensive lingerie. In the supporting cast are the incomparable Zasu Pitts and Claude Allister. The music is pleasant and the dialogue sprightly. The plot, I must admit, is as weak as most operetta plots and concerns a count who pretends to be a hair-dresser to gain an introduction to his lady love. With a less able cast and director things might not have gone so well. But quite as important as anything is the fact that *Monte Carlo* is first and always a motion picture—a movie—a cinema with speech and music. For example: in one scene Miss MacDonald is seen riding in a train. Outside the window scenery, (*real* trees and fields) are going by in the usual manner. After a moment she starts singing to herself—and then, to your surprise, just as she has finished the first verse the train passes a hay-field in which a lot of peasants, scattered here and there among the hay, are singing the chorus of her song! They are of course accompanied by the same invisible orchestra which has been accompanying Jeanette MacDonald. Furthermore, the "choo-choos" and whistle-toots of the locomotive are somehow synchronized with this same orchestration. All in all, it is quite as effective to watch as to listen to. It may sound tricky, but it is very smoothly done. Lubitsch has made a motion picture which I think you will all enjoy; something quite new and different in film operettas.

"Storm Over Asia"

When it arrived in this country some years ago, this Soviet film depicted certain British military operations in Asia just after the War. Now shown publicly for the first time, *Storm Over Asia* mentions no names whatever—but the "white army of occupation" which deals out such cruelties and injustices to a lot of simple fur traders, is unquestionably British. Whatever you think of the beating up or educating of "inferior" Oriental races by superior white ones, I suggest you see *Storm Over Asia*. The pictures are beautiful and it has plenty of excitement. Pudovkin (who also directed *The End of St. Petersburg*) has endowed his film with a fierce vitality shot through with a sly scorn for the hypocrisies of the "white general." These Russians make better pictures than we do—it's a crusade with them—they're still young enough to be passionate about everything.

"Animal Crackers"

If you hear prolonged howls of uncontrolled laughter coming from your local talkie emporium these days you may be fairly sure that the four Marx brothers are inside behaving in their usual manner. *Animal Crackers* is the second of their comic interludes to be done into a film, and I think it is much the best for the reason that almost all the tap dances and pony ballets have been left out, leaving almost nothing but unadulterated Marx. Another thing that helps in this edition is the fact that the close-ups make it possible for everybody in the house to see just as well as if they were sitting in the first ten rows. I cannot begin to describe the nonsense in which these four imbeciles indulge, but if you take my advice you will also take yourself off in a hurry to see *Animal Crackers*.

Worth Seeing

Abraham Lincoln: D. W. Griffith's almost too-worshipful film of Abraham Lincoln with Walter Huston giving a beautiful performance. Stephen Vincent Benet wrote the script.
All Quiet on the Western Front: A dispassionate but tremendously dramatic debunking of war. Remarque's book is unchanged.
The Big House: Life in a penitentiary with Wallace Beery shooting up the works.
Holiday: An adult comedy which is attracting adult audiences—with the lovely Ann Harding.
Moby Dick: John Barrymore goes whale-chasing—with sound. Slightly bloody, but the kids should like it.
Old English: For the third time George Arliss has recorded a stage play for the talkies. An excellent reproduction if you never saw the original.
Romance: The one and only Greta Garbo in her second talkie—a great improvement, although the play is now quite stale.

Other New Films

Good News: The Broadway musical comedy done into something pretty weak. Bessie Love, however, is grand.
The Sea God: Fantastic adventures on a South Sea island—finding Richard Arlen in a diving suit, the cannibals think he is a god. Entertaining and full of action.

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The Theatre

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

UP Popped the Devil and *The Second Little Show* are two very welcome additions to the list of pleasant shows. Neither makes any great effort to be important and both succeed in being excellent entertainment.

"A kept man" is what the young husband in *Up Popped the Devil* terms himself. His wife goes to work as a chorus girl to make enough money to support him while he writes a novel. She even puts him on an allowance but his masculine pride asserts itself and they separate, only to be reunited when all the misunderstandings are cleared up at the end. Fortunately Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich, the authors, are unable to take this story very seriously. Every time the discussion of the problem threatens to become solemn, the young couple are interrupted by some of the most gorgeous nonsense. The scene is a Greenwich Village apartment and the couple have been in the habit of making everybody welcome. This permits the entrance at apt times of a variety of very funny and truly observed characters. There is a drunk whom nobody knows who makes himself quite at home, even to the extent of using the telephone for an extended long distance call and finally leaves without speaking to anybody or revealing his identity. Albert Hackett himself plays a bibulous dance director with a way of getting off funny lines in a somewhat serious manner that is sheer delight. The scene in which he and an accomplice pack a lady's trunk in a minute and a half, with dire results to her belongings, shouldn't be missed by any connoisseur of inspired idiocy. The whole cast, under the fine direction of C. Worthington Miner, are to be congratulated on the spontaneity and convincingness of their acting. In addition to Mr. Hackett, Roger Pryor, Sally Bates, and Janet McLeay are especially good.

By calling it *The Second Little Show* the producers seem to me to be asking for comparison with its highly successful predecessor. Actually it should not be compared as the two shows have few elements in common. Where the first one was distinguished by a disarming haphazard air amounting almost to amateurishness, the present offering is slick, smooth and handsome in the best Broadway manner. While perhaps not as elaborate as the typical Ziegfeld or Earl Carroll revue, that is the category in which it falls. *The Second Little Show* chorus, however, doesn't have to take off any clothes to attract attention to itself. It is just bursting with personality and the dances devised for it by Dave Gould are the most amusing seen in New York in many seasons. They actually have something to do with the songs they follow!

Marc Connelly has contributed a skit called *The Guest,* which alone justifies undertaking an expedition to the Royale Theatre. It is about the difficulties a man has in getting service in a "service plus" hotel, and anybody who has ever stopped at one of the large chain hotels will sympathize deeply. Apart from the taste with which the whole show is staged, the other most outstanding feature is the work of Ruth Tester.

So many nice things cannot be said about Bayard Veiller's latest melodrama *That's the Woman,* although it undeniably has its moments of merit. The situation is of a man about to be convicted of a murder he did not commit. In order to prove himself innocent he would have to reveal the fact that at the time the crime was perpetrated he was in bed with a lady whose good name he refuses to sully. A. E. Anson, as the lawyer for the defense, finally gets the lady herself to supply the alibi. The most noteworthy thing about the play is that we are never told either who was murdered or did the shooting. Mr. Veiller's lines are so stilted, however, his mechanics so obvious, and the acting—with the exception of Mr. Anson's and Mr. Austin Fairman's—so crude that it's just a not very thrilling evening.

Guide to Current Plays

The First Mrs. Fraser: A routine drawing room comedy well acted.
The Green Pastures: The Pulitzer Prize play which thoroughly deserves that and any other honor you can think of.
Journey's End: Revival of the war drama with a new cast.
The Last Mile: Harrowing, gruesome and uncompromising story of a prison break.
Lysistrata: There have been a number of changes in the cast, but Ernest Truex is still in this slapstick Greek farce.
Strictly Dishonorable: Love and life in a speakeasy and the bachelor apartment upstairs.
Earl Carroll's Vanities: Awfully boring.
Topaze: Delightful French satire.
Flying High: All you can reasonably ask for in a musical comedy; laughs, girls and tunes.
Garrick Gaieties: Pleasant and informal presentation of nice music and two or three funny sketches.
The Torch Song: Well done play about traveling salesmen, sex and religion.
The Ninth Guest: Don't bother.
Hot Rhythm: A negro revue without much originality.
Dancing Partner: Handsomely produced trifle from the Hungarian.
Ladies All: Fine if you're not too easily shocked.
Stepping Sisters: I thought this had closed months ago. It's amazing how anything so thin could hold out.
Young Sinners: In the worst possible taste, but there's apparently a market for it.

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In This Issue

ROBERT CRUISE MCMANUS is a former member of the staff of the New York *Sun* and the New York *Herald-Tribune*. Mr. McManus has also been a political correspondent in Washington and accompanied President Hoover on his good will tour of South America.

ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE is a poet and author and a frequent contributor to the magazines. Among his fourteen volumes are *Days off in Dixie* and *Heart of the South*. Mr. Rutledge's latest contribution to the Outlook and Independent was "God's Dark Children."

STOYAN CHRISTOWE was born in Bulgaria and emigrated to the United States at an early age. Mr. Christowe is a frequent contributor to the magazines and has just finished a novel shortly to be published.

WILLIAM WALDRON SWAN has been a member of nine teams representing the United States in international yacht racing and has won many championships in Long Island Sound.

Next Week

Hooverizing the Press, by Harold Brayman.

Although as a candidate and as President-elect Mr. Hoover was, for political reasons, very reserved in his relations with the press, those near him freely predicted that his attitude would change after his inauguration and that he would take the press into his confidence. This prediction came true—for a time. Mr. Hoover explained that he considered the weekly press conferences an evolutional development. The White House "spokesman" was relegated to the attic and Mr. Hoover even allowed himself to be quoted directly. The events, however, of the first year of Mr. Hoover's administration and the attendant criticism, to which the President has been exceedingly sensitive, soon reversed his attitude. Unless a correspondent is a strong supporter of the administration these days, Mr. Brayman reports, it is very difficult to obtain reliable information.

Drought in the Social Register, by Darwin Teilhet.

The recent circular invitations of Mrs. Ruth G. K. Strawbridge to ladies of first Philadelphia families to aid the prohibition movement by not serving wine at their own tables, as an example to the masses, occasioned considerable comment and not a little mirth. Deliberately smug as are many of her allegations, however, Mrs. Strawbridge's appeal, the author maintains, is exceedingly shrewd. Her statements, are "just assured enough, just pitched to the right patronizing note, to influence many women with vague yearnings for social prominence," of whom the country holds at least half a million. In advertising vernacular, Mr. Teilhet asserts, Mrs. Strawbridge is trying the "snob appeal."

The Lord's College, by Don Wharton.

Everybody remembers Tennessee's monkey trial in which John Scopes was fined for teaching evolution and William Jennings Bryan and Clarence Darrow were star performers, but not every one remembers that it was held in the town of Dayton. To commemorate the triumph of fundamentalism, the anti-evolutionists decided to found a university at Dayton to be dedicated to the Great Commoner. The result is Bryan University. Mr. Wharton describes the kind of education available at this fortress of fundamentalism.

The Tent Show Turns to Sex, by Zelda F. Popkin.

Sentimental and moralistic melodrama, the old-fashioned hokum in which the hero foils the villain and rescues the beautiful maiden from a fate worse than death, is not, the author claims, limited to Christopher Morley's popular Hoboken revivals. Throughout the rural districts of the country, in Ohio and Illinois, in Georgia and the Carolinas, even in the Catskills of New York, small companies are trouping. For their success they depend on sex to lure the countryside to their productions. Sexy as their offerings may be, however, the moralities are observed. For the benefit of the hinterland "virtue invariably triumphs and wicked little girls who go to roadhouses always get punished."

From the Life

By IBBY HALL

The Vote

SHE was young and independent. And now that she had had a birthday, now that she was old enough (come Election Day next week), she was going to vote. But she did wish she had a new dress.

She shrugged her dusky shoulders and slanted her large eyes provocatively toward the yallah boy who sat beside her.

"Sho' I does," he was assuring her in a sing-song tone of complete understanding, "sho' I believe in Woman Suffrage. Go on, honey, talk some mo'."

"Us women," she said, "is got to be free. The cullud people, they usen't to be free—now they is. But us women, yo' think we is free? Tied up wid' a lot o' loud-talkin' men? Washin' an' iahnin' fo' 'em? Payin' rent fo' 'em? R'arin' up the chillun fo' 'em? Uh-uh! An' now I gon' vote——"

At this moment a big, black young fellow whom she had known from childhood stopped suddenly in his easy walking through the spring evening.

"Yo' gon' vote, baby?" he interrupted with mocking delight. "Yo' gon' walk raight up to de gov'm'nt an' tell 'm whut's whut? Yo' bettah lissen to yo' daddy, baby, an' keep yo' purty haid at hom', effen yo' don' want to get yo'self arrested fo' ackin' lak yo' know somp'in!"

A few neighbors, gathered in clusters along the sidewalk, drew nearer.

"Neb' min', honey," the yallah boy beside her said hurriedly. "Show 'm yo' knows enough to hol' yo' se'f respeck."

But there was something about that laughing look above her that made her rise hotly to her feet and shout, "Whose daddy yo' call yo'se'f? Want a woman whut'll stay home, huh, an' don' know 'nuff to th'ow yo' out on yo' emty haid? Huh? Well, go 'long, go 'long! Yo' ain' gon' lif' yo' big feet on my iahnin' boa'd, not effen I knows it!"

But he was even now flashing an untroubled, farewell grin at her and calling softly, "Got a new dress to weah fo' de Votin', baby? Ca'se yo' know wheah yo' c'n git it!" And anger choked her wildly where she stood and watched him down the block and out of sight.

The yallah boy was trying to find her hand, but she pulled away from him. "I hopes I sees him at the Votin' Place," she muttered savagely under her breath, "an' I wish to Gawd I had a new dress. Jus' to show 'm."

The yallah boy had risen and was stealing an arm around her reluctant waist. "Yo' wants a new dress, baby?" he was saying tenderly. "Why, sho'! I c'n git yo' a new dress, jus' as easy——"

She turned and looked at him and her heart relaxed. Maybe she better take him for her sweetheart, after all. Maybe he wouldn't try to handle her like the others. Maybe—— "Yo sho' yo' believe in Woman Suffrage?" she asked him seriously.

By the time Election Day arrived she was certain he believed in Woman Suffrage. On that morning she woke and turned her head toward the door. There it still hung, blue as water in the sunlight, and glinting all over with white dots. It was marvelous! That he should have known her size, and brought it to her the last thing that night: "So's yo' won' weah it, honey," he had said, "befo' Election Day."

As soon as she had swallowed her coffee she dressed with solemn elation. Would she see that big fool nigger at the Votin' Place? She reckoned she would. The way he'd been hangin' roun' lately—looking for a chanct to laugh at her—

The yallah boy was waiting on the corner. "Yo' suttinly look lak somp'in' dis day, sweetness!" he murmured in his singing voice; though he seemed absent-minded when he took her arm.

The Voting Place was only a block away. She walked to it with her head high and her brows serious, for her heart was filled with pride. She stepped inside and walked up to the desk as if she had been voting there for years. In that moment she forgot the yallah boy; she even forgot her enemy.

And then she noticed pleasurably that the clerk behind the desk—a white lady with a strange face—was looking at her dress. Her new polka dotted dress. Her pleasure turned slowly to doubt; and then to fright; and her fright broke into a cry as the clerk rose quickly and pressed sharp fingers hard into her arm.

"Police!" the clerk was crying. "Arrest this girl! She is wearing my dress!

The Voting Place was in a hubbub. A blur of faces passed before her, threatened her, looked at her through bars.

But as she sat half dressed and sobbing in her cell, her breath was held a moment on a thought of comfort. It was not that she had accused the yallah boy, languishing in a cell nearby; it was not even the thought that she was innocent. It was the remembrance suddenly that that fellow, her enemy, had not been there. And she held her breath with triumph. With expectation.

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▶▶ Elisabeth Ohms ◀◀

By PITTS SANBORN

IT MAY seem rather odd that Elisabeth Ohms, dramatic soprano of the Bavarian State Theatres and of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, should be Dutch by birth. It may seem odder still that in her native Holland (she was born at Arnhem) she has appeared as pianist, violinist, and concert singer, but never upon the operatic stage. Before pursuing our oddities further, however, let us recall both that the Dutch are an uncommonly musical people and that operatic opportunity in Holland is inexorably limited by the smallness of the country and the nature of its cities. And certainly if we in America are little aware of Dutch composers, we have ample reason not to forget Dutch executants. Willem Mengelberg and William Van Hoogstraten offer present evidence of conductorial achievement. One doesn't have to search the recesses of one's brain to remember the prowess shown as Lieder singers by Julia Culp and Tilly Koenen. Anton Van Rooy ranked assuredly as an outstanding opera singer—Van Rooy, who for many years was one of the big men of the lyric stage (physically as well as artistically) at Bayreuth, London, New York, "creating" for us Amfortas in the Metropolitan's first, and never since equaled, *Parsifal* cast. Mme. Ohms as dramatic soprano is, therefore, but the perpetuator of an authentic and generous tradition.

With characteristic Dutch thoroughness she laid a solid foundation for her art. Four years of rigorous training at the Amsterdam Conservatory had made her a well-grounded musician when she emerged before she was nineteen as a professional pianist and violinist. Shortly afterwards she decided to concentrate on her voice. In Holland, however, her singing so far has been restricted to concert work. It was at Mayence nine years ago that her operatic career began, and to date it has comprised just two principal engagements—Mayence for two years and Munich for seven. Meanwhile she has fulfilled short engagements in other cities—Vienna, Frankfort, Berlin, London, New York (for three months early this year) whither she will return about Christmas time.

Cast in heroic mould and dazzlingly blue of eye and fair of hair, Mme. Ohms seems to have been designed by nature to embody the superwomen of Wagner's music dramas—Senta, Ortrud, Isolde, Sieglinde, the Brünhildes, Kundry—and, as a matter of fact, her labors in the operatic vineyard have been largely Wagnerian. So far, for instance, the only non-Wagner rôle that she has assumed in New York is Leonora in Beethoven's *Fidelio*. However, Mme. Ohms happens to be an ardent Richard Straussian. The name part of his *Elektra* (a one-act thriller which New York has neglected since the days of Oscar Hammerstein) is a favorite of hers, and she sings also the name parts of his *Ariadne auf Naxos* and *Die Aegyptische Helena,* besides the Marschall in *Der*

Keystone

ELISABETH OHMS

Rosenkavalier. She, furthermore, has appeared in operas by that composer who is almost a Munich specialty, Hans Pfitzner—his *Die Rose vom Liebesgarten* and *Der arme Heinrich,* neither of which is likely to do export duty.

Nor is our Dutch soprano's repertory without its background of older classics. She has sung Cleopatra in the Munich revival of Handel's *Julius Caesar,* and her Mozart list includes Donna Anna in *Don Giovanni,* the Countess in *Figaro's Wedding,* and in *Così fan tutte* Fiordiligi (inexorable in its demands on the singer's vocal range and flexibility). These in addition to Leonora in *Fidelio.* Strangely enough, in view of the enormous vogue enjoyed by Verdi in Germany, Mme. Ohms sings only a single Verdi rôle, Amalia in *The Masked Ball,* an opera as popular in the Reich as *Aïda or Il Trovatore* is in the United States. However, two Puccini rôles figure prominently in the Ohms repertory, the title rôles of *Tosca* and of *Turandot.* Both Tosca and Santuzza in *Cavalleria*

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Rusticana she has relearned in Italian for Metropolitan uses, though she has not yet been required to sing them there. Another opera that she has mastered for the Metropolitan is *The King's Henchman* by Deems Taylor.

From this you gather that Mme. Ohms is conversant with the English language. She is. For she has the traditional Dutch proficiency in foreign tongues. Naturally nine years of residence in the Reich should make her at home in German, but she also possesses a fluent command of English, French, and Italian, and she admits that she knows something of Spanish and of Latin and even a little Russian. The last is due to her being married to Leo Pasetti, a Russian of Italian origin, who is one of the very finest scene-painters living. With pardonable exaggeration it has been said that one might profitably swim the North Atlantic for the mere satisfaction of feasting one's eyes on Herr Pasetti's Munich sets for *Parsifal,* for *Tristan und Isolde,* for *Figaro's Wedding,* for *Così fan tutte.* Herr Pasetti likewise enjoys the privilege of designing his wife's costumes.

There is something eminently wholesome, as we used to say, something ample and trustworthy, about the impression that Elisabeth Ohms produces off the stage. It seems altogether natural that this big, sane daughter of the Nordic race should be much given to swimming and tennis, and we learn without surprise that she is an omnivorous reader—naturally, in a number of languages. But if you press her to tell you her hobby, she will answer, with a sapphire twinkle in her eye, "Cooking. And I want you to know I'm a good cook!" So, amid the numberless distractions of lyric career, the fine old Dutch custom of the oven is joyously cherished.

Perhaps it would not be if her native musical gifts, supplemented by such thorough training, had not made her operatically a conspicuously "quick study." She boasts that she learns a new rôle from the score while lying in bed, without aid of a piano, let alone of a coach. "So words and music," she tells you, "are photographed on my brain."

Unhappy Warrior

(Continued from Page 88)

bation, rather than excessive punishment, for criminals to Germany, whom he thought should be made to pay as much as possible. For the most part, however, he stands in a pretty clear light. He is a fighter, a man who smarts under restrictions of silence and speaks his convictions fiercely and honestly when they rise to his lips. No wonder he is having such trouble holding that bar of wet soap for the President, with towels being chucked at him from every side!

There are other reasons for Mr. Wickersham's discomfort. He fights, as we have seen, but only for his beliefs, never professionally, never for the mere sake of badgering an opponent or winning himself notoriety, which are the motives that lead politicians into battle.

"Politics, as such, has no charms for him," a writer has said. "He touches it only in its high places."

As Attorney General he was attacking the corporations and their lawyers, whose methods he knew. This was a popular cause and the politicians were at his back, but now they are on it, gleefully baiting him for all he is worth, which is maddening to a sensitive man whose life has been spent among gentle and honorable surroundings. These same defects (for present purposes) of temperament and breeding which make it so difficult to handle the elected representatives, render him equally helpless before those other spokesmen of the people, the reporters. A more adroit man might have summoned them to his aid in the quarrel with Capitol Hill, but not, apparently, Mr. Wickersham. Among the Washington correspondents there is an almost unanimous indifference to the commission's work, which has been fostered by a year of vain seeking to discover the key to the situation.

The final and probably most acute difficulty is the uncertainty of the chairman's own attitude on the subject at the root of all his troubles.

As a private citizen, before he was saddled with his present mysterious burden, it seems fair to characterize Mr. Wickersham as a wet. In a radio speech in May, 1928, he criticized the Eighteenth Amendment as "quite foreign to the scope of the Constitution as the founders of that instrument conceived it." A year later, just before his appointment was announced, he said the Jones law "probably would defeat itself through the excessive penalties it entails." Mention has already been made of the Roosevelt letter, while last June, after twelve months at the head of the Law Enforcement body, he departed from his prepared address to the National Council of Social Work at Boston to state:

"Without touching upon the contentious ground of how the Eighteenth Amendment and the legislation to carry it into effect were brought about, one thing is perfectly obvious and that is that from the enactment of the Volstead Act down to the present time reliance upon carrying out the purposes of the amendment was placed upon the power of the government to compel, by imposition of fines and imprisonment, the general observance of the liquor law." The education of the public to liquor's evils was abandoned, he said, after the law was passed, while the penalties in the Jones law were "in the nature of vengeful reprisals on those who question the legislative wisdom."

Statements like these have brought down on him the unmitigated condemnation of the dries, but he has received no aid and comfort from the other side. Wagner is a wet. Representative La Guardia, who brought up the point of order which threatened to snuff out the commission's life by cutting off its appropriation, is a wet and a Republican. We must turn to some more Wickersham utterances to discover the cause for this added opposition.

When he took office, the chairman characterized prohibition as merely one aspect of the larger problem and announced that he did not mean to have the commission reduced to the status of an arbiter between wets and dries. (Strange reduction!) When a reporter asked him if it were possible that the commission might report prohibition unworkable, he replied, with a smile: "Intellectually possible, but not probable." He has repeated since then that prohibition is not the most important of the board's problems, that enforcement is getting better all the time and that there is a very large public misapprehension as to the commission's duties, because people wrongly expect "that we are going to make some report or finding that shall say that prohibition is or is not a desirable thing for the country."

This sounds like the kind of thing that the White House and all those nervous dries interested in silencing the talk on liquor like to hear. But let us listen to some more words from the same lips.

"We are just now in *medias res* and express views day by day which tomorrow may be modified. . . . It has been our view that when we came to a thorough inquiry into the enforcement of prohibition, if we were convinced that prohibition could not be enforced, we ought to say so; but at the same time, up to the present, the commission has proceeded on the theory that our job was to see whether the Eighteenth Amendment was being adequately and efficiently enforced, whether any change in the law was desirable and what changes, if any, would best bring about adequate enforcement. . . . If the commission is convinced that any law is unenforceable, it would not hesitate to report it

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to the President. . . . I am quite sure that prohibition's advocates have gone too far. I am equally sure that its opponents have been guilty of the same sort of conduct. The commission will seek the truth."

What does all this mean? Prohibition is not the most important of the commission's problems, yet its only report in over a year of investigation deals almost exclusively with that subject. It is "intellectually possible, but not probable" that prohibition will be reported unenforceable, but if the commission arrives at such a conclusion it will say so. To expect that the commission will declare prohibition a good or bad thing is wrong, but nevertheless it will seek the truth.

Can it be that Mr. Wickersham is trying to please everybody, or is he merely thinking aloud, letting the world watch the struggle that is going on within him over his own uncertainty?

When he appeared before the House Committee on Appropriations in May, Representative Cramton of Michigan, the dry leader, told him in as many words that it was none of his commission's business whether any law that Congress had passed was wise or not and that its efforts should be confined solely to aiding enforcement.

"If you desire to make that specific in the language of this appropriation," said the chairman, *"you will relieve me of a great embarrassment."*

Embarrassment! Is this the key? Does Wickersham the church man, the upright citizen, disheartened as he is at the contemptuous flouting of the law by even his closest friends, still dread to make that decision which, he fears, might bring back the saloon and all its evils?—for in his view any change in the Volstead Act is mere nullification and the only honest course if he is convinced at last of prohibition's unenforceability is a recommendation to repeal the amendment. There is something appalling in the responsibility that has been put on this man's shoulders, after all. No wonder that he feels "embarrassment."

But how can he avoid it? The relief he asked for from Cramton, who insisted that the appropriation as written is sufficient to keep the commission from commenting on the law, was not forthcoming. As the board's labors draw to a close a year or so from now, it is entirely probable that the pressure of public opinion will demand a downright opinion on prohibition's enforceability. By Mr. Wickersham's own admission, some of his fellow commissioners, who by that time will have served the public for two years without pay, desire such an opinion. Judge McCormick and Frank

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J. Lossch of Chicago have already given voice publicly to sentiments at least moist when far out of Washington's reach. The wet and fiery-tempered Pound must be reckoned with, as well as Judge William Kenyon of Iowa, a dry and former "radical" senator who is suspected of making trouble for reasons of his own. If George W. Wickersham himself finds an answer to the question in his own heart, he has the courage to announce it to the world.

He threatened to resign from the American Bar Association once if it ousted William H. Lewis, Negro Assistant Attorney General. He changed his view on the League of Nations and came flatly out for it after he had been sent to the Paris Peace Conference by a paper which opposed the League. The tangled strings of loyalty to his friend in the White House, to his own conscience and to his public responsibility, may yet be unraveled.

In the end, however, if there is any hedging, if the liquor problem is not examined to its roots, then the commission's other proposals for the repairing of our miserably broken-down law machinery, which has been pointed to with shame by presidents since Grover Cleveland's time, are certain to fall on deaf ears.

Corralling a Comet

(Continued from Page 91)

made an almost fabulously flattering grade in an intelligence test was by nature lazy, insolent, supercilious; an incessant borrower of money, and an expert poker player.

Another boy of my acquaintance was sent from a high school to a preparatory school. In the high school he had been subjected to all the latest tests, fore and aft; and he was secretly pronounced by the principal to be a moron. As preparatory schools owe their existence chiefly to the fact that high schools are interested principally in students who help themselves, the alleged defective entered the secondary school, where, under the severest competition, the moron was soon leading his class.

This example of the unreliability of the intelligence quotient, and of the consequent injustice of depending on it to gauge any kind of capacity, leads us to inquire whether these examiners consider their findings permanent. There is no teacher of any experience who does not know that the student damned today as incorrigible may tomorrow amaze him with both exciting promise and brilliant performance.

There is a kinship existing among all hearts in their recognition and admiration of the integrity of the individual's loneliness and uniqueness. In a sense, all of us are wandering comets.

"Mr. Johnson," said one of the great philosopher's friends, meeting him after an interval of many years, "I hear that you have become a philosopher. I too have tried to be one; and I know not how it is, but cheerfulness keeps breaking in on me."

Burke considered this remark a charming one, recognizing the humanness of this comet that would not submit to orbiting. Applying the words of Johnson's friend to this present discussion, we might well imagine a reformed intelligence tester saying: "I too tried to be one; and I know not how it is, but real intelligence would keep breaking in on me."

Not long ago I was showing a girl three years old some mounted birds.

"Why don't they fly?" she asked in a fairy-toned voice.

I, having been their slayer, somewhat guiltily explained that they were dead, a fact which accounted for their not taking wing.

"They are dead," I told her with the finality of maturity.

"And what is 'dead'?" she asked wonderingly.

Here was a baby's question that I had no power to answer—a question that I myself had provoked. Down the years that innocent query, "What is 'dead'?" shall haunt me. Are any of us intelligent?

Finally, a far graver charge than mere obtuseness has been brought against this modern system of attempting, in a pedestrian way, to determine intellectual capacity. Not long ago a responsible educator, looking at me with the comfortable surprise of one who is in possession of superior information, said, "Why, don't you know that the whole scheme is merely a mask? It gives the school and the college a chance to turn down the undesirables. We use it to shut out the Hebrews. Ordinary examinations are not sufficient, in that they are not sufficiently impressive; but if we tell a parent that his young hopeful has no 'scholastic aptitude,' the fond mother or father is bowled right over. The system is not really scholastic; it is political."

If this idea is true (and there is some reason to credit what this teacher said), then the whole scheme is not only stupid, it is hateful as well. Among the six thousand boys I have tried to teach, some of the ablest and most interesting have been Jews; and secretly to discriminate against them seems to me intolerable injustice.

Certainly, at the very minimum, parents and friends of all children who are now undergoing the complex and chaotic ordeal of education must be aware of the fact that there is a great deal of lost motion somewhere. Thousands of American boys and girls are every year graduated from schools, and from colleges, who cannot even read and write. Some graduates have learned a school song, and some a college yell. But otherwise they have acquired little.

Is it their fault that they do not know more? Is it not rather because we waste too much time on everything save the essentials themselves—lavishing precious hours, for example, in vainly following such things as will-o'-the-wisps of intelligence tests?

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of September 13, 1950

A bill was introduced in the House last week to set aside as a trophy room for international athletic prizes won by Americans. The office, 10x6 feet in size, is now occupied by the assistant door-keeper of the Capitol.

Friends of Ex-President Frye declared that, as Congress had not yet provided a pension for ex-presidents, there should be no objection to Mr. Frye's furnishing the A. P. U. P. newspaper syndicate with his daily "Which Nobody Can Deny" column.

A 500-cell wing, completed this week, has been added to the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary Asylum for the accommodation of tree-sitters, marathoners and endurance record seekers and their managers.

Americamania

(Continued from Page 93)

cepting the whole incredible business upon the mere beholding of the new man.

When Michael left the village he was a shy, uncouth person, wearing the traditional village garb of homespun with the inevitable appurtenances, such as pig or ox hide sandals, motley woolen socks, reaching to his knees, woolen sash, and such other nondescript incidentals as complete the simple attire of a Balkan peasant. But now! Is this Michael Gurkin that stands before you? A white, stiff thing, like a till-tug, is curved closely around his neck. It is so tight the poor man has to pull at it every few minutes to keep it from choking him. Something resembling a ribbon is fastened to it. But it is his suit, his suit! Never in the memory of the oldest patri-

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arch of our village had a man been seen with a suit of clothes such as Michael now wore. Once, oh many, many years ago, there came to the village two Frenchmen, mining engineers, to explore the hills for ore. For many years they were the symbol of the civilized, the strange industrial world, and whatever new device, be it an auger, or a new kind of petrol lamp, climbed the steep mountain trail and revealed its usefulness to the artless folk, was attributed to the ingenuity of the French. It was the Frenchmen that made all those things with devils in them. Later a rumor spread that the *Engliso* had outdeviled the French. Few believed this. Then Michael brought America to the village and filled the minds of young and old with incomprehensibility.

Those two Frenchmen wore queer clothes. Yet they did not shock our village the way Michael Gurkin did with his. For Frenchmen to wear pantaloons may be natural, but for Michael Gurkin who had sprung from our own soil to attire himself in the habiliments of civilization was quite another matter. Who gave Michael the right thus to clothe himself? America! America leveled things, it took peasant and prince and clothed them in the same garb.

Still, Michael's accoutrements, which were but a visible, a more or less tangible representation of the luxury and prosperity of the land from which he had come back, were nothing compared to what he had to tell about this wonder world. What else, pray, could it be if it could make such transformations as it did with Michael Gurkin!

As a matter of truth Michael had not seen much of America. Starting from Rumania, where he had first gone with a group of nomad sawyers, he was constantly under the guidance of steamship agents until he was put on board the ship that transported him to New York. Arriving at the metropolis he was pushed hither and thither like a dummy through the labyrinth of Ellis Island and placed on a train that took him to the mountains of West Virginia where he hewed railroad ties for two years. Then back to the old country the same way, except for a few days waiting in New York, where, again with the aid of the agents that sold him his steamship ticket, he bought from the second hand shops all those wonderful garments with which he astonished big and small in our native world.

Nevertheless, Michael had a thousand things to tell about this world of miracles. If it were some learned man describing what Michael attempted, he first of all would have called attention to the pitiful inadequacy of the human speech to convey effectively to the uninformed all the dazzling achievements of the Americans. But Michael, with no such preliminary formalities, plunged into an ocean of verbal monstrosities, hyperboles, meaningless towers of repetitions and so confused both wise and callow that they all admitted, especially the wise—not without pain and sufferance of pride and of self-respect—that the once insignificant, neglected Michael Gurkin, had already outgrown their power of comprehension; that he had become too erudite and too skilled in the tricks and devices of the modern, the civilized world, and that therefore he had unquestionably grown beyond their level of wisdom and mental attainment. All gaped him in the mouth and listened spellbound to him telling of buildings that touched the sky, buildings with little movable rooms in them traveling up and down and putting people off at any floor they desired.

Some believed, some did not, but none had the courage to question things. None except Tasho, the wisest of all wise men of our village, that old sage who might have won renown as a philosopher had he been born in a free and cultured land. It was he, after carefully examining Michael's American clothes and listening to him very attentively, that said that Michael had come back to the village with the same clothes he wore when he left the village. Few understood what he meant. Again it was he that now exclaimed, "Come, Michael, be reasonable. Whoever heard of a building with the rooms inside going up and down. A room is a fixed thing, Michael. There must be some mistake."

Far be it from Michael to tell a lie. He crossed himself with all the effective simplicity of an honest and artless man and summoned God to be his judge and executioner if he distorted but a single detail. All the village folk that clustered about him when he went through the impressive rite of crossing himself said amen, and with peace in his being once more, Michael resumed the strange narrative, relating wonder after wonder, miracle after miracle, telling again and again how by the mere touching of a button a whole house, yea a whole city, was illumined, and not by kerosene, mind you, but by *electritchestvo,* something which you could not see and could not blow out no matter how hard you tried.

It is impossible to mention all the things Michael told. Suffice it to say that even Tasho, the skeptic philosopher of our village, bowed his head in resignation and permitted Michael's renown to spread far and wide.

To us, the youth of the village, Michael became the embodiment of all the things which youth dreams about. He was kind and condescending toward us, since he readily granted our request to speak some words from the American language so that we might hear how it sounded. He blurted out English words which to us carried no meaning, and

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probably none to him, and we marveled at the strangeness of the sounds. By clucking and smacking with our tongues and making other unaesthetic exclamatory sounds we showed our bewildering respect for Michael's mastery of such a difficult and outlandish tongue, a mastery, he took the trouble to assure us, greater than he exercised over our own native Macedonian speech.

On the first Sunday following his arrival from America, Michael went to church, an event which was destined to become a tradition, or a religious ritual, since every man that subsequently returned from America considered it a sacred duty to do likewise. It was here that the village folk had a chance to see the returned American. Attired in the Bowery outfit, Michael did not go home directly from church but lingered on the village green in front of the church itself, and men, young and old, flocked about him, admired him and his clothes and asked him pertinent and ludicrous questions about America. One man asked whether there were storks in America. When Michael answered that he had not seen any and that he doubted very much if storks were to be found in America, the man, to show his amazement, went "tse . . . . tse . . . . tse . . . ." with his tongue and scratched the back of his head. Another man wanted to know if the American sheep and goats gave as much milk. Still another asked whether the American donkeys were larger than the Macedonian ones. Had not Michael been so deadly in earnest about things he probably would have answered that they were. Instead, he kept poking the point of his American umbrella in the earth, an umbrella which he carried despite the fair weather—as he wore his rubbers though the streets of the village were dry—and, curling his mustachios, to which he had religiously adhered in America, answered every question with dignity and concern. Even the Turkish gendarmes stationed in the village, who seldom spoke to the peasants except in harsh tones, stooped to speak to the American with civility and to respect his omniscience.

Thus it was that as the days passed, our village, as well as those throughout the verdant valley, were scourged by Michael's Americamania, which swept like a plague through the length and breadth of our little world and carried, as it were, the peace and tranquillity from the minds of the people. All the songs, the gay festivals and folk dances, the holiday celebrations, the quaint and mysterious rites which we conducted on Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve, and the many other forms of wholesome recreations with which we amused ourselves in the absence of modern artificial diversion, became vapid and meaningless. One thing was in our minds—AMERICA! It changed not only ourselves but our villages as well, since by and by the little low, mud-plastered and straw-covered huts began to disappear and new two-storied, and three-storied stone and brick buildings with red-tiled roofs rose in their steads. The people were no longer happy. Those that remained in the village felt that the others were getting ahead of them. Discontent planted itself in our souls and began to take deep root there. We youngsters no longer looked upon the border of soft soil along the river banks and upon the wooded mountains, whose brows overhung the valley, with the same thirst and passion with which our fathers and grandfathers once did. We brooded, dreamed, looked, with the eyes of our fancy, beyond the bushy peaks that touched the sky, across the immense unknown void and into the new land whose power extended as if by magic through the boundless spaces and reached the hole in which was crumpled our dormant world, and tore down our humble dwellings to erect bigger ones instead. This land beckoned to us, it stirred our souls.

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